

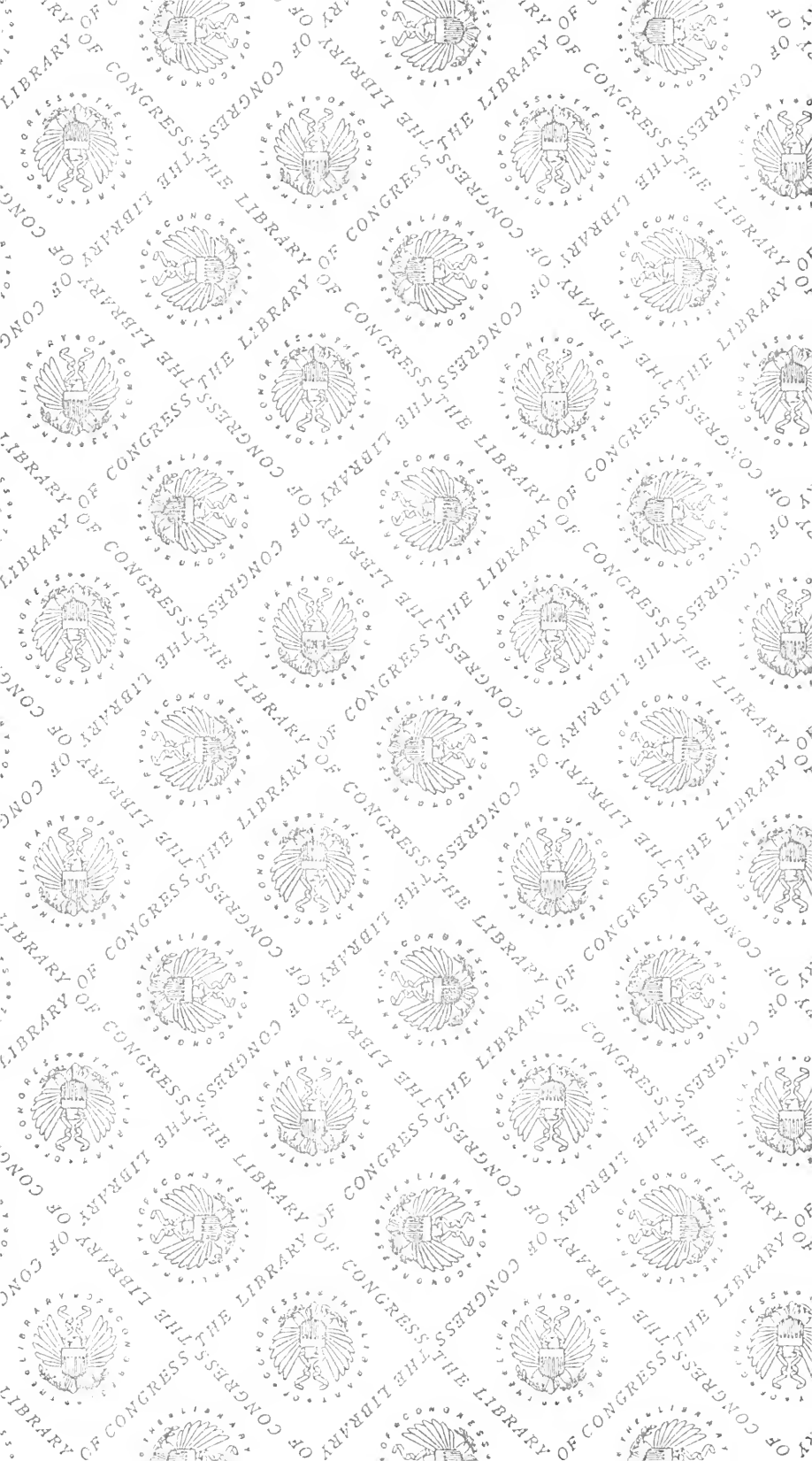
E 390

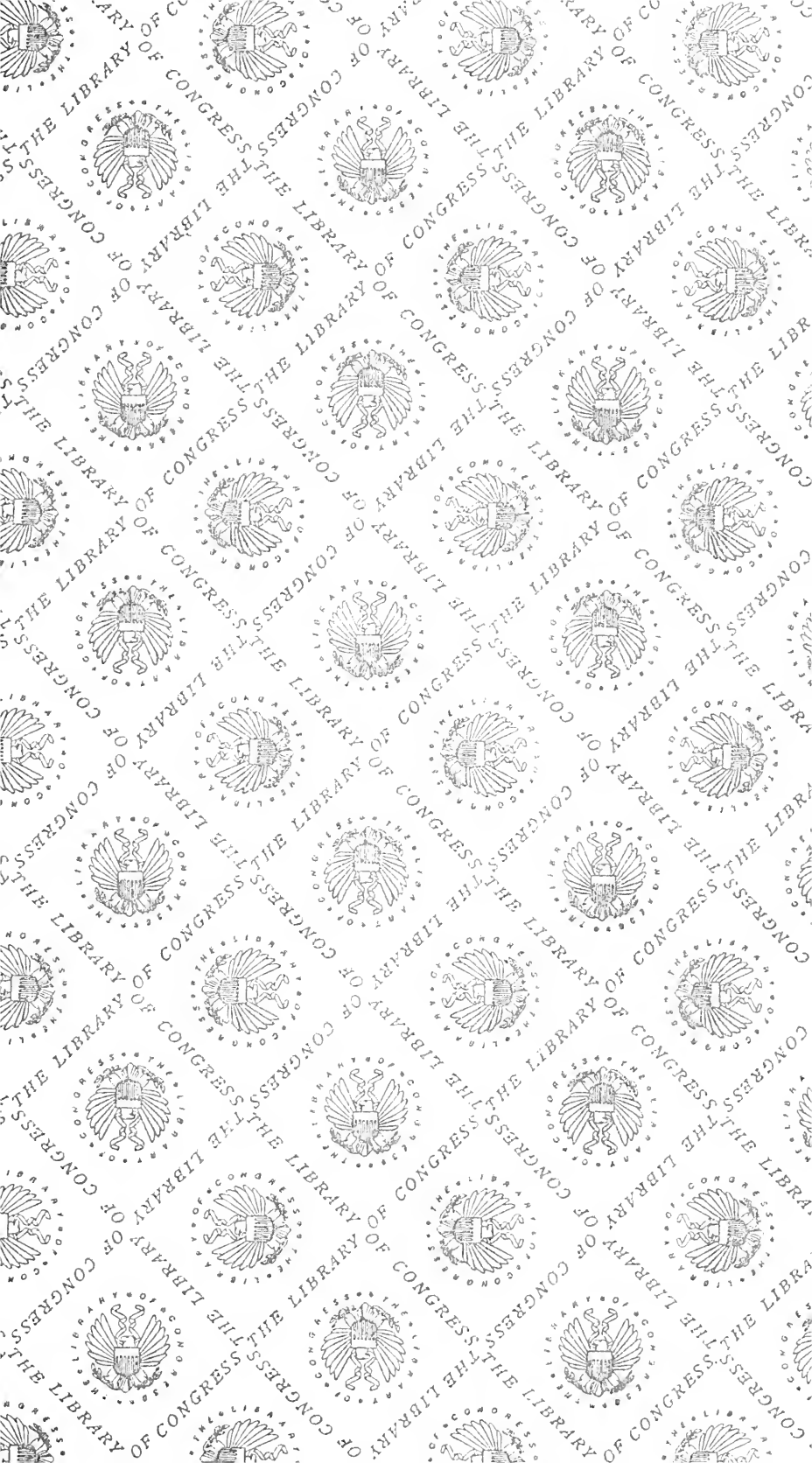
.M64

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00005080939





THE
GREAT CONVENTION.

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
CONVENTION OF THE PEOPLE OF OHIO,
HELD AT COLUMBUS,

On the 21st and 22d February, 1840.

BY JOHN G. MILLER, EDITOR OF THE OHIO CONFEDERATE.

EMBRACING THE SPEECHES OF THE HON. J. C. WRIGHT, CHARLES ANTHONY, ESQ.,
AND OTHERS.



COLUMBUS.

PUBLISHED BY CUTLER & WRIGHT.

E 390
A 124

TO THE PUBLIC.

Many individuals, for whose opinions and characters the writer had the highest respect, urged him to publish, in a form suitable for distribution, that account of the GREAT CONVENTION which appeared in the Ohio Confederate. He was not so persuaded of the probable utility of the publication as to feel authorized to adopt the measure, until the following resolution of "The Harrison and Reform State Central Committee" was communicated to him: .

"COLUMBUS, March 30, 1840.

"*Resolved*, That JOHN G. MILLER, Esq. Editor of the Ohio Confederate, be requested to publish, in pamphlet form, the account of the meeting of the people in Convention at the city of Columbus, Ohio, on the 21st and 22d of February last; and that the County Central Committees and Harrison Reform Clubs be requested to aid in giving said pamphlet an extensive circulation.

"LYNE STARLING, JR., *Sec'y.*"

After this proceeding of the State Central Committee, the writer no longer hesitated as to the course of duty, thus indicated by the wishes of the Committee, and the numerous solicitations of others. He entered into arrangements with Messrs. CUTLER & WRIGHT for printing the account of the Convention in the desired form.

The writer has no apologies to offer to the public, no private objects to gain. The contents of this pamphlet were already before the world in the columns of his journal. They were prepared for that with the haste which usually attends the labors of a Political Editor. Had his occupation allowed him time for a careful review of them, they might have been improved in manner—in other and more important respects they must have remained unaltered. If the descriptive part of this publication shall serve to gratify the popular curiosity, the interesting speeches which it embraces to enlighten and confirm the popular sentiment, and the whole to impart a just conception of the memorable Convention of the 22d of February, 1840, its end will have been attained.

JOHN G. MILLER.

THE HARRISON CONVENTION.

THE proceedings of the Convention, on the important objects which formed the reasons of its convocation, will be read in another part of this sheet. To lay these before the reader has been an easy task and a pleasant. But how shall we describe the Convention itself? How portray the features of its moral countenance—the lineaments which imparted to him who looked upon the scene and its incidents, the tone, the temper and character of the whole? How transfer to paper the spirit, the pathos, the sentiment that moved upon the hearts of the multitude of patriot men assembled here on Saturday? It is a hopeless effort. Equally powerless is language to convey to the mind the full and perfect effect and bearing of the occasion and its developments, as is the pencil to delineate to the eye the spectacle of Niagara in its sublimity and grandeur. The reader will not discredit what we may say, nor yet will our narrative communicate to his mind the faith and the impression which resulted to one who “saw with his eye, and heard with his ear, and understood with his heart” the events of this imposing and unprecedented demonstration. One reads the speech of an eloquent orator—he embraces the thoughts—he comprehends the written words—and considerately speculates on their significance; but, how short does he come of the impression which was made on him who looked into the eye and listened to the voice—and imbibed the spirit of the speaker as he stood before him!—So, we can report to our readers the isolated or connected facts of this Convention—we can give them the outlines of a picture which they will examine and apprehend as far as it goes—but to fill it up—to present it in its moral proportions and give it its moral influence—is work for a limner of far higher powers than we. The mere external form, indeed, and physical constitution of this great congregation of freemen may be described; but the soul that stirred within it, and the energies that animated and moved it, will never be known and acknowledged save by him who was of it—who mingled in its action and partook of its living effusions of patriotism. These, in their varied expositions, as they came from the thoughtful countenance—the expressive eye—the impassioned speech—told of convictions, and fears, and hopes, and resolves, which the pen is impotent to depict, and which they alone can adequately reveal.

We wish we could exhibit this vast assemblage to the eye of the distant reader, as we saw it, and especially, that we could enable him to appreciate it, in respect of its purposes, its aims and its determinations, as we appreciated it. He would, if like ourself he has felt alarmed for the interests and the welfare of his country, experience the satisfaction which we have felt. He would know that the people, the *real people*, are awake; and would, therefore, be encouraged in his hopes for their freedom and prosperity. He would see the indications of a spirit and a feeling pervading the universal mind, of a species and temper differing from aught that he has seen before since the Revolutionary Era. He would be convinced that, notwithstanding corruption in high places and official impurity in every grade of place, the heart of the country is sound as the mind of the country is aroused. We have seen before instances of popular excitement and popular enthusiasm; but we witness now, for the first time, the evidences of a solemn and profound sense,

pervading all ranks and classes of our countrymen, of danger to public liberty. We have seen before the inflammation of passion operating upon the minds of men, and the stimulus of party political zeal urging them to decisive and united action and effort, but never until now have we seen the multitude of our countrymen under the influence of a settled conviction, that the fundamental institutions of our beloved country are in peril, and calmly and sternly resolving that **THEY SHALL BE SAVED**. He who witnessed the advent of the great concourse of the 22d, and marked the manifestations of its progress and its termination, perceived that no trivial or temporary interests were adequate to the production of such a popular movement.—It was not because “money is scarce,” “exchanges are high,” and “produce low” and “times are hard”—it was not because a dominant party, in possession of the civil power of the country, abuses the prerogatives of official station, and trifles with the patience of a confiding people—it was not because an appeal is made to the affections of their countrymen, in the person of two of the best and purest men which any age or land has furnished—men whom the millions of their fellow-citizens not only respect, but love and revere as

“Fine true hearted gentlemen,
“All of the olden time”—

it was not because they were contrasting the merits of **HARRISON**, the soldier and statesman, their brave protector in war and their faithful servant in peace—a man whose whole life is full of the evidences of his virtue—whom the people honor for his services and love for his goodness—it was not because they were contrasting **HARRISON** with **VAN BUREN**, a name which generates no emotion—whose history addresses itself to no generous sympathy—whose character commands no feeling of veneration and tenders no quality to attract the kindness of our common nature. No, it was not all these considerations that summoned together **TWENTY THOUSAND** freemen, from far and near, through all Ohio, to enquire and deliberate and resolve for their common country. These were the occasion, not the cause—these made the people to feel—the effects of misrule, when felt, produced examination—and the result of inquiry has been that deep and unequivocal belief (to which we have referred,) that the public liberty itself is in peril, and that to them and them alone belong the duty and the power to accomplish its **DELIVERANCE**.

We wish not to be tedious in our endeavor to represent in its truth and its essence, this remarkable event; and if the reader shall have caught any portion of the flame which burned in the hearts of the thousands of whom we write, we shall not be so. Will he, to this end, go back with us, but for a moment, to the scene of Harrisburg, enacted but ten weeks ago? Will he think of the men who composed that liberal and patriotic assemblage? Their age, their experience, their character for probity and worth and wisdom? Will he remember that they came from twenty-three States of this wide confederacy, and represented all the various interests and feelings and opinions embraced in its extended boundaries? Will he then recur to their solemn act of unanimous *nomination*, and ask himself why was this done? If so, he will find the solution of the mystery in the prevalence of the consciousness that the country needed, not to be governed, but **TO BE SAVED**. It was, therefore, that such unanimity was seen among honest men, of every partial shade. It was therefore, that the uncorrupt and incorruptible **HARRISON AND TYLER** were chosen as the fitting instruments of reformation. It was no time for splitting hairs in selecting public officers. The country was oppressed and wasted by incompetent and unfaithful men in power. Those who concurred in the desire to reinstate the government could not dispute about secondary questions. If they would save the country, they must rid it of the misrule of a dominant faction. To do that, they had but to unite the elements of opposition to corruption and despotism. They laid their peculiar interests and peculiar views upon the altar of the common good. They brought every thing to the shrine of

patriotism—they carried nothing back.—They nominated HARRISON and TYLER—and by that single act, they waked up their sleeping countrymen and saved a sinking State. The Republic is safe. The spirit of that Convention of Harrisburg has diffused itself over the land, and under its influences, in spite of difficulties which no common inducements have been heretofore sufficient to overcome, have TWENTY THOUSAND of the Yeomanry of Ohio congregated, from its remotest parts, at its common centre, and, under a sense of obligation and with a fortitude of purpose which

“Makes assurance doubly sure,
“And takes a bond of fate,”

determined that a reckless and selfish party in power shall no longer jeopardize the institutions of the country, or sport with the interests and the happiness of seventeen millions of people.

We proceed to our narrative, and begin with the

“GATHERING OF THE CLANS.”

For several days previous to Thursday, the 20th, delegates from all parts of the State had reached the City—so that on the morning of that day the Hotels were already filled to overflowing; and throughout the day they continued to arrive in rapid succession, though without organization and parade.—The weather was uncomfortable—the day was rainy—the roads were known to be in bad condition—some, who had failed to discern the true state of the popular mind, began to fear least the people should not come—this apprehension was of short duration—rain and storm and obstacles had nothing to do in this matter—and, hour after hour the tide rolled in and the multitude accumulated. The evening brought with it the accession of many thousands to the throng which now filled the streets of the City as the setting sun shone out upon the animating scene in his brightest and cheerfulest rays. At this period, the united Delegations from many of the Eastern Counties, approached the city. We did not witness this arrival—we quote the brief and eloquent description of one who did. Our friend, of the Journal, says of it:

“On Thursday evening we took our stand on the angle of the National Road, just where it breaks from Columbus to the east. Far as the eye could stretch into the distance, we saw the dense and uninterrupted stream of the REAL DEMOCRACY pouring onwards. On flowed the stream of human beings—countless and descriptionless. Our tablets were ready, our pencil was newly pointed—but, the task of description was beyond the power of mere mortality. Banners, and flags, and escutcheons, and mottos, and all the grand gala of patriotism swept by us like the magic transitions of a drama. Onward poured the stream—and we said, in our heart, this may be FELT—but to DESCRIBE it requires the comprehension and ubiquity of something greater than human intellect.—The mass moved on, and our tablets were rejected. One magnificent band of music, (from Newark, we believe,) just as it wheeled into High street, struck up the Marseilles Hymn. That was enough—no man, who has music in his soul, can bend his mind to dull description while that air is falling on his ear.”

On the same evening there arrived TWENTY-SEVEN Canal Boats, bearing the Delegations from the Southern counties. These boats were crowded with the brave and generous spirits of “OLD ROSS,” PIKE, SCIOTO, JACKSON and adjacent counties, in number, it is said, exceeding two thousand.

The morning of Friday opened upon the multitude, with a clear sky and a delightful temperature. Had a stranger entered the city on that beautiful morning, his eye would have fallen on a variegated scene of surpassing interest, which his tongue or his pen might have striven in vain to describe. Among the numerous ensigns, colors, decorations and banners, with their pithy sentences and heart stirring mottos as they waved from the windows of the houses and floated on the standards borne by individuals of the living mass before him, his eye would have rested for a moment, on two extended banners stretching from roof to roof of the

lofty tenements on either side of the street—bearing the impressive words of truth, “CONVENTION OF THE PEOPLE, NOT OF OFFICE HOLDERS!” “HARRISON AND TYLER—THE PILLARS OF REFORM.” “UNION OF THE WHIGS FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION.”—Wherein, as Gen. Murphy happily expressed it, when standing under one of these lofty streamers, and addressing in tones of impassioned eloquence the vast assembly around him, “the people had tied their very houses together, as a symbol of the union of heart and of effort which should redeem their country from destruction.” Various and pointed were the devices, the emblems and the mottos which would have met his eye whithersoever he directed it, as he traversed the wide and densely populated street. And all this, be it remembered, was the spontaneous ebullition of popular sentiment wrought up to a consciousness of the necessities of the crisis. There was no arrangement, no previous and concerted schemes of display—each section came with its own voluntary and unsought tribute of mind and feeling; and individuals moved by the universal spirit of the time, executed their own designs and developed their own emotions without restraint and without reproof. In truth, there was no dissonance of feeling—no jarring of opinion—the deep pulsation of the universal heart was *one*, as the cause which moved and animated it was *ONE*. Did the voice of Music from the numerous Bands, which contributed so much to enliven the intervals of preparation and refreshment, fall pleasantly upon the ear? It came alike to all. Did some patriot orator, repressing no longer the common inspirations of the hour, pour forth the fears and hopes of the citizen as he thought of the circumstances which weighed down the prosperity of his country, and threatened the downfall of its institutions—or recount to a thousand listening ears the thrilling story of HARRISON, the Warrior, the interesting description of HARRISON, the Statesman, and the winning tale of HARRISON, the Farmer, the tried patriot, the virtuous man? His eloquence reached alike the minds and the hearts of all who heard him—for it told of that which was known to all as right and just and true.

We wish that every one who reads this, had stood with the writer on the morning of Friday, the 21st, and looked upon the scene which greeted the eye at the junction of High and Broad streets. The Delegations of the Western counties had passed the preceding night a few miles from the city, at the neighboring villages on the National Road; those from the Northern, had concentrated themselves at Worthington, a village eight miles north, on the Sandusky Turnpike; those from the Reserve, on the Cleveland Road. When it was known that these three companies approached the city, the thousands already arrived, congregated at the point mentioned, to receive and welcome them. They came. They met a joyous greeting, and joyously, indeed, they answered it. It was in all its parts and in its aggregate, a spectacle we would fain present to the reader, but how shall we impart to him the *expression* of the scene? We can tell him of the shout after shout, the long and loud acclamations which proclaimed that the people, in their own power, were there. But how can we enable him to recognize the inward spirit and the mental life which gave the occasion its interest and its might?

The procession from the West extended more than a mile. It came from the beautiful Miami, where fertile and cultivated fields—thriving and polished towns, betoken inhabitants who know their rights, and whose luxuriant orchards testify to more “Hard Cider” than Madeira Wine—it came from the region of the “Mad River Trappers,” where forests still stand in their original wildness, and the humble “LOG CABIN” has not given place to the stately palace—where men in their humble dwellings have hard hands and strong arms and stout hearts to defend their rights—and who know how much *valor* and *worth* the *slab roof* of a “CABIN” can shelter. They came from the plains of Champaign, and from the lakes of Logan, and the hills of Clark, and the prairies of Madison—where honest

Republicans dwell and the friends of liberty are cherished. They brought with them their flags and banners inscribed with the honored names of HARRISON and TYLER, and the brief sententious words which spoke their stern resolves. They brought their "LOG CABINS" and their long "canoes" as signs and symbols that the "Hard Cider" soldier who had fought their battles was the "LOG CABIN" statesman who should restore their government. Thus they came. And from the North—from the very shores of the great Lakes—from the scenes of HARRISON's trials and sufferings and conquests and glory, came an earnest and a resolute thousand to join the deliberations and to unite in the determinations of their anxious countrymen. They brought with them the miniature resemblance of "Fort Meigs," to revive the recollections of the day which tried a patriot's nerve and proved a patriot's "heart of oak." From the Northeast—where the sons of the pilgrim fathers have made the desert rejoice—where they have removed the wilderness and planted churches, and established cities, they came—and with them a beautiful ship told of their dwelling place on the borders of the water, and reminded us of their crippled commerce, and invited the memory back to that memorable 12th of September, when on the same Lake the gallant Perry "met the enemy, and *they*" were *his*. Thus they came. It was a proud sight—this simultaneous arrival—to him who could coolly look upon it, and discern the sources, the motives and the consequences of this great popular movement. As one after another, flags and streamers, and various devices which spoke to the feelings and drew forth the applauses of the multitude, passed the assembled crowd, shout answered shout, and the welkin rung with the loud and long acclaim. Fearfully would those acclamations have fallen on the ear of him who first reproached the character of HARRISON, as of one who drank "hard cider and lived in a Log cabin." They would have told him he had touched a cord which vibrates from the rivers to the ends of the land.

We endeavored in our last to possess our readers of some conception—faint and inadequate, we know—of the ingathering of the people on the 20th and the morning of the 21st. It was a scene which might well employ the gifted pen which has recorded the pageant of Kenilworth—we did not hope to do it justice. The reader is now aware, however, that at 10 o'clock of that bright morning the cheerful sun looked down in smiles upon a vast congregation of earnest, anxious and determined men. A novice in the midst of that great crowd would have learned that freemen made it—and that in it was revived and cherished the spirit of '76. Breathing its atmosphere, he would have caught its enthusiasm and rejoiced in the glad assurance that his country and its liberties were safe. Mingling with the multitude, he would have marked a pervading solemnity of expression and demeanor which revealed a consciousness of grave interests to be cared for and great objects to be accomplished. He would have noticed the salutations of old friends long separated by time and distance—the renewal of acquaintances of days by-gone—he would have heard and seen the greetings and congratulations of individuals and of companies—here and there and every where he would have heard the names of HARRISON and TYLER—old men, grey-headed and venerable, spoke of "Tippecanoe"—"the Indian tomahawk"—"our women and children"—"the brave old General"—"Fort Meigs and the Thames"—"the British and the Savages"—"the brave and good Harrison"—"always victorious, always true." The young men, embracing the spirit of their fathers and drinking in the genius of the hour—in louder but no firmer notes—and with the fervor of young, free hearts—lifted up their voices to shout huzzas of patriotic ardor—to swear allegiance to freedom and their country, and to affirm the doom of its oppressors. And in all this, the observer would have marked the deep, the stern, the earnest emotion of men who had discovered danger and fortified themselves to meet it. He

would have seen in all the indications of that vast assembly, that *thoughts were breathing* in its twice ten thousand hearts, warmly but not fiercely; and *words were burning* from its twice ten thousand lips, firmly but not bitterly, which gave him surest presages of safety to his country and security to public liberty. It was thus, in the intercommunication of mind and mind, and heart and heart, and hand and hand, that two fleeting hours of that sunny forenoon hastily flew by, before the organization of the Convention. But that brief time disclosed to every mind the unity of purpose, the concord of feeling, the identity of sentiment, of wishes and resolves which concentrated the aspirations and were about equally to concentrate the energies and efforts of so many thousand freemen upon a single object—**THE RESTORATION OF THEIR GOVERNMENT.**

In the crowded cities or in the populous districts of older countries, the assembling together of many thousands of persons is neither uncommon nor wonderful. In this country, however, with its sparse and busy population, the voluntary congregation of a throng like that of which we write, consisting for the most part, of the hardy and industrious yeomanry of the State—coming, the farmer from his plough, the mechanic from his work-shop—and all from various and remote geographical points—is, indeed, both strange and remarkable. It is not a thing of course—it has rarely, if ever, occurred before, and may not soon happen again. It is the effect of powerful operative cause. That cause we have endeavored to designate—and happy is the reflection, that there remain so much of public virtue and love of liberty with the descendants of a **REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY** as to ensure the production of such results. But the very circumstances which contribute to make this event noticeable and memorable and attach to it an importance hardly to be estimated, recognize an adversary interest and an opposing party which seek to depreciate its moral power by denying or misrepresenting its actual character and the facts connected with it. It is not, therefore, inappropriate to remark more particularly, at this stage of our narrative, upon the

NUMBER OF THE CONVENTION.

It is a very common observation that persons unused to large popular meetings are apt to overrate them in estimating their number. The observation is probably just. The writer of this, therefore, desirous of informing his readers correctly in relation to this interesting occasion, has not trusted at all to his own fallible judgment in ascertaining by conjecture merely the number of citizens who formed the **HARRISON and TYLER Convention of Ohio.** He has, on the contrary, sought to certify himself on this subject, not by the opinions merely of experienced and judicious persons, but by the results of calculations founded upon reasonable and practicable data. To enumerate with certainty and accuracy such an assemblage, under such circumstances, is obviously impracticable; but to approximate the actual number is neither difficult nor improbable. When we have supposed the Convention, therefore, to be composed of **TWENTY THOUSAND** citizens, we have spoken not by conjecture merely, nor have we only repeated the opinions of others, but under the authority of estimates deliberately and carefully made by those whose opportunities and competency entitle their calculations to our utmost confidence. These have varied—some putting the number at twenty-two, and some at twenty-five thousand—but a single individual, within our knowledge, who adopted any reasonable mode of calculation, has estimated it as low as twenty thousand.

Our friend and neighbor, the *Bulletin* of this city, published its opinion on Saturday, and acknowledged its belief that the “Whigs had effected a great *turn-out*”—“probably, four or five thousand.” Our neighbor did not *intend* to under-rate the *numbers of democracy*—he respects too much the “*democracy of numbers*,” to do that—besides, he is above intentional misrepresentation. But, when our friend perceived that the Whigs “had effected a great *turn-out*,” it could

hardly fail to occur to his mind, that this was but the prelude to another and a *greater* TURN-OUT, which we trust he will live to witness after the 4th of March in '41—when HARRISON and TYLER, having been *turned* in by the people, the Whigs, through them, will “effect” “a turn-out” far *greater*, in respect to numbers, than on the present occasion, in the estimation of the Bulletin. This vision of the future probably impaired, in our neighbor, the vision of the present. Had he seen all the people, he is too good a judge of the “DEMOCRACY OF NUMBERS” to have mistaken so much the *numbers of the democracy*.

Another friend of ours (who is yet more and emphatically the friend of the Bulletin—though more strongly imbued than he with the Loco foco virus)—having very coolly surveyed the “miles of processions” and the “acres of people,” pronounced the deliberate judgment that the Convention of the 22d was nearly, if not quite, as large as that of “the glorious 8th”! He said, we are informed, nothing about the “*turn-out*”—but that the idea filled his mind and unfitted it for any operation depending on arithmetical process, will not be doubted.

That these, our neighbors, and all who co-operate with them, should be reluctant to think that five and twenty thousand citizens, no inconsiderable portion of them, men who but recently swelled the catalogue of the Van Buren party in Ohio, had come up to their central city, to take counsel together for the reformation of their government, is not surprising. To such it has an *awful squinting*—it *squints* at that *greater* “TURN OUT” which is evidently at hand—than which nothing to them could appear more terrific. But the people have come and gone—and now, if ever, our neighbors can composedly look the danger in the face. If they desire to compare the Conventions of the 8th and 22d, we will aid them, succinctly, in the computation of the latter, thus helping them to whatever consolation the contrast may afford. We invite them to set down the delegation from LICKING—the only one, we learn, which was accurately enumerated—and which was a little short of 600—add to this, that of the 7th Congressional District, a part only of which was borne hither by 27 canal boats—and that countless multitude of “Mad River Trappers,” and “hard-cider” pioneers, and “log-cabin” democrats, whose advent cheered and strengthened so many patriotic bosoms on that memorable morning of the 21st—and the northern bands that poured in at the same hour their multitudinous contributions—and, to say nothing of the patriotic hundreds from populous “Old Muskingum”—nothing of the representatives from our “Queen” of cities—nothing of the thousands upon thousands who hastened up from all the counties of the State—they will soon grow weary of the comparison. One will be apt to conclude that when he fixed the “*turn out*” at the estimated number, he had seen but a little segment of the whole, and the other that, when he supposed it to be equal to the Convention of “the glorious 8th,” he saw but the deputation which LICKING had sent up.

It was, indeed, an imposing sight! That of

THE CONVENTION,

itself, in its full and perfect form and organization. Rich was the spectacle in the production of elevated thought, fruitful was it of noblest associations! Who that saw it did not go back to buried ages and connect the scene before him with pictures which imagination has often drawn, but which reality has not often, in this our day, exemplified? Who did not now remember, what has seemed to us as the tale of romance rather than the sober records of history—think of the era of Grecian Democracy, and inquire, can these TWENTY THOUSAND freemen think in unison, and feel and act in concord and harmony?—There is no restraint of opinion, there is no inhibition of speech—in thought and word they are free “as the air they breathe.” Can all these minds coalesce in sentiment—and all these hands co-operate in the production of *one* result, the attainment of *one* end? Will not

passion and prejudice, and peculiar interests and selfish motives, and personal ambition and emulation—will not all or some of these interfere to divide them in deliberation, and distract and weaken them in exertion? No! He who had watched the development of public sentiment would have replied with confidence, No! These Republicans, personally strangers to each other, have a common country which they love, and common interests which they will protect. They have suffered equally and all, under the dominion of a political party which is serving itself at the expense of the country, and *they will suffer under it no longer*. It is, therefore, that in that great assemblage, will be found but one aim, one purpose, one firm resolve—to rescue their government from the hands of the spoiler and save the priceless inheritance which the blood of their fathers won.

At the Northwestern angle of the Public Square, where High and Broad streets unite, a capacious platform had been erected for the use of the officers of the Convention. It was here that this MEETING OF THE PEOPLE—without example both for its number and its unanimity—was held. Let not the spot be forgotten. In after years, when we who are now actors on the stage of life shall have finished our parts, and yielded our places to those who are to follow us—when we shall be gathered to our fathers, leaving to our children the heritage of civil liberty which we are striving now to preserve for them—even then, the youthful votary of freedom will be curious to know the place where the GREAT CONVENTION met. The HARRISON and TYLER CONVENTION of 1840 will be for a memorial of our times; the epoch from whence will be dated the revival of that pure spirit of political liberty and political integrity in which the American Institutions were founded, and from which, in the lapse of two generations they have fearfully degenerated.

It is not a part of our design, to repeat what the reader has already obtained from the official report of the proceedings of the Convention. These are before him—and they inform him what was *done*. Ours is the more difficult, but scarcely less interesting task to disclose to him what was *felt*. The reader has been told that the Convention was organized—he has read its declarations of opinion and its resolutions of action. It may be, he understands and approves them. But how much more confidence would he feel in their rectitude and efficacy, had he witnessed one of the sublimest of all exhibitions, when TWENTY THOUSAND honest minds gave them their free and united assent; and TWENTY THOUSAND voices proclaimed it? He has learned that REAZIN BEALL was appointed to preside over the deliberations of this extraordinary body—held in the open air, because no house would contain a tithe of its numbers—in the public streets of the City; and, he has probably enquired whether order and method and decorum could prevail in such an assembly. How would he have been impressed, had he been present to note the silence of the vast concourse, and the universal propriety and good order by which it was distinguished! Again would he have seen the proofs that the men who stood before him were there on no idle errand. And had he seen the venerable PRESIDENT, his head whitened by the frosts of more than seventy winters, standing up before his assembled countrymen, telling them of the dangers which beset their common country, and exhorting them to the application of seasonable defences—had he heard him, in the dignity of age and worth, and in the warmth of an honest mind, recount the perils he had shared with HARRISON in the hard service of two wars, and bear witness to HARRISON's valor and worth, as a soldier and a statesman—had the reader seen and heard all this, and listened to the responsive acclamations of the people, he would have known and felt that *they*, at least, were sensible of weighty responsibilities connected with their assemblage.

We heard what Gen. BEALL said on that occasion. We wish we could report his words—and especially, that we could so report them as to give to them the

power which they exercised when spoken. But, though this cannot be done, the reader will be gratified to receive, in this imperfect form, the substance of the excellent

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

FELLOW CITIZENS: The distinguished honor which you have done me was altogether unexpected—had it been otherwise, I might have been better prepared to address to you on this occasion what it might be my duty to express, and your pleasure to hear.

It seems to me, my countrymen, that at no time since the Declaration of our Independence, has the situation of the American people, as a nation, required more vigilance and nerve on the part of the people themselves to resist the encroachments of Executive power on our rights, than is demanded by the present crisis. That this is the universal opinion of the people (always excepting the dependents and waiters on Executive favor,) I want no better evidence than to behold before and around me the unparalleled multitude of citizens who, at this inclement season of the year, have come from remotest and all parts of the State, to consult and resolve on measures to alleviate the general distress; and to dispel the clouds which darken the prospect before us—a prospect, gloomy indeed, and brought on us by the arbitrary and selfish, not to say corrupt, conduct of those who have possession of the power of the government. As a sure means of effecting this object, in obedience to our laws and constitutions, the eyes of the whole nation are turned to the PATRIOT and FARMER OF NORTH BEND—to our own HARRISON, who, from his important services to the country on many trying occasions, and the energy and fidelity he has displayed on many great emergencies, appears to have been reserved by Providence for the use of his country, and destined to be again the instrument of its safety.

Fellow Citizens, I know General Harrison, I have known him long and well. As early as 1792 we served together in the army of WAYNE. You have heard of that army, and of its Leader. You have heard where they fought and how they fought. I was thus associated with Gen. Harrison, until 1794. He was then a youth of 19 years—I was four years older, being 23. During all that time he was universally esteemed as an accomplished young gentleman, a vigilant, humane and brave young officer. Of his humanity, I could give you many evidences, if time allowed. Let it suffice to say that no sick or wounded soldier missed of his care and kindness. He had some knowledge of medicine, and was thus the better qualified to know the wants and help the necessities of the suffering soldier—and none were too poor and humble to claim his attentions. Often and often have I known him furnishing from his own supplies, sugar and coffee and tea to the sick and disabled soldier who could get such comforts from no other source. It was this that made the soldiers love him—and his talents and courage made all respect him.

As to Gen. Harrison's bravery and his qualifications as an officer—it is enough to remember that it was WAYNE who selected him as his *Aid-de-Camp*, and took him to his military family and confidence. If you know any thing of *Wayne*, you need not to be reminded that he knew how to tell a *brave man*, and was not used to give his countenance and confidence to a slouch and a coward. In this capacity of Aid to the Commander in Chief, young Harrison continued until Gen. WAYNE's death—in this capacity he acted at the memorable battle at the foot of the Rapids of the Miami of the Lake—where, by his courage and good conduct, bearing with admirable promptitude and fearlessness the orders of the Commander from point to point, and party to party, during the hottest and fiercest of the fight, he contributed greatly to that distinguished victory, and entitled himself to the particular approbation of his Commander, expressed in his General Orders and in his reports to the Government. You all know the brilliancy of that

achievement—and every survivor who bore a part in it knows that, the name of HARRISON can in no way be separated from it.

From 1794 to 1812, my personal intercourse with General Harrison was limited.—But, altho' our public engagements did not bring us into direct association, I ceased not to feel interested in the man and watched the steps of his progress. After the disastrous campaign of Hull, on our Northern frontier, in 1812, when public confidence was deceived and consternation and dread filled the popular mind, all eyes were turned to the HERO OF TIPPECANOE, whose fame was now co-extensive with the country. He was called by Mr. Madison (then President,) to the command of the Northwestern forces. I was summoned with my brigade of militia to the same field, and again on the frontier I met him. I found that twenty years had made no change in the *man*—he was the same brave officer and generous friend and faithful servant of the country that I knew in his youth, in the wilderness with WAYNE. I need not occupy your time in talking of the military conduct of Gen. Harrison during the late war with Great Britain—recounting his exploits or extolling his victories. You all know them—the world knows them. Having done his duty—his whole duty—and fulfilled the expectations of his country—having conquered his enemies and obviated the necessity of his further services, *he went back to his farm*. And so, fellow citizens, he will do again. When, in obedience to your command and the voice of the nation, he shall have rectified the government, purged it of its corruptions and effected in regard to it, *the will of the people*, he will again *go back to his farm*. He will be, what every officer in this government is, (or ought to be,) the *agent* of the people to execute their wishes;—and when he has done that, office and the distinctions and honors of office have no longer any inducements for him.

Fellow Citizens, as I said in the commencement of these crude and unpremeditated observations, the call to preside over this great assembly was to me totally unexpected. Hoping, therefore, that you will look with indulgence upon the imperfect manner of my remarks—and tendering you my most respectful acknowledgments for the high honor you have thought proper to bestow upon me; and although I could dwell for hours upon facts and incidents which would show the fitness and qualifications of Gen. HARRISON to overcome the difficulties which we all alike feel—I forbear to detain you longer from the consideration of the momentous subjects which have brought you together.

We need not say to the reader, that the venerable President was not permitted to deliver these remarks, without frequent interruptions from the irrepressible applauses of the people; as they saw before them, an aged and honored citizen, the companion in arms and close associate of HARRISON, confirming with his own lips the faithful evidence of history and the testimony of all tradition, that a braver soldier and a purer patriot has not lived in the tide of time—and remembered the infamous calumnies and dastardly defamations which wicked and ruthless minds have invented, and foul and atrocious tongues have propagated, to rob a soldier of his glory and an honest man of his fame—and all for the sordid motive of holding to the power they have clutched and of cramming their pockets with the money of the people—as the vast audience heard thus and remembered thus, as easily might the “Father of Rivers” be stayed in his current by a straw, as they subdue the sensations of their hearts.—Again and again, as the old man told his story (more minutely than we have been able to repeat it,) did the voices of the multitude *like the sound of the rushing of many waters*, fill the air with the expressions of their indignation and, anon, of their applause.

The writer of this stood in the midst of that immense crowd, at the moment of which he writes,—when Gen. Beall took his seat. He marked the indications of intense emotion agitating the breasts of the thousands about him. It was not the fierce and cruel spirit of enmity—it was not the severe and malevolent feeling

of malice, hatred and revenge, which we saw depicted in the faces and the manners of the multitude. It was the sense of shame for public debasement—of sorrow for the wounded character of their country and the degradation of liberal government—that the friends of TRUTH and of *such a man as* HARRISON, were required to protect his reputation from aspersions, such as his traducers have attempted—and the firm and fixed purpose that the country and its government should be redeemed—their principles and institutions recovered from disgrace—and *good* and *faithful* men delivered from the attacks of their enemies. They were sentiments like these which evidently occupied the mind of the people, and disclosed themselves in every conceivable shape and mode. It was at this juncture that a thoughtful old gentleman—with yet a spice of the wag peeping from the corner of his intellectual eye—exclaimed “My God! I wish Van Buren could see this sight! Oh, how I wish he could see it! He would save us so much trouble.”

The reader who has perused the official narrative of the proceedings of the Convention, is apprized of what now was done with reference to the *business* of the body—if there be any who is not, we refer him, for particulars, to our last paper, in which the official account is published. We need only say in this place, that, the Convention having appointed its various officers and provided for the requisite Committees and assigned to them duties, might now have adjourned until the morning—for many of them had encountered laborious journeys, contending with bad roads and bad weather, and needed refreshment and repose. But it was not so. They were stimulated by considerations which protected them from common sources of annoyance, and they tired not in the pursuit of the high objects which they had left their families and firesides to accomplish. They desired the fullest and the freest conferences with one another—that each might be confirmed in his resolutions, if right, or by the better information of his brethren corrected in them if wrong.

The Hon. Thomas Ewing, (the late Senator to Congress,) and Gen. Wm. S. Murphy (a delegate to the late Harrisburg Convention,) were pressingly invited to address the Convention. They cheerfully yielded to the general wish, and successively enchained the attention of the vast and interested audience, until the approach of evening admonished the Convention of adjournment until the morrow. The writer did not hear the speeches of Messrs. Ewing and Murphy—but *of* them he did hear. And, if he rightly understands the estimation of them by those who listened to them, their eloquent and powerful expositions of “things as they are,” will not by their hearers be forgotten. We believe these addresses ought to be permitted to go to all our fellow-citizens, and are not without a hope that the orators will enable us to confer that favor (for so, we are assured, it will be esteemed,) upon the country.

The city was this evening brilliantly and beautifully illuminated. But the magnificent display met not the eye of the writer. His duties, in another situation, deprived him of this gratification—but introduced him to a scene which, though it addressed not itself to the organs of sense, possessed a moral sublimity of far higher value—and which, in a future paper, he will endeavor to impart to his readers.

It is not by words only that thoughts are communicated to the mind and truth impressed upon the heart. The tongue and the pen, the pencil and the chisel perform the same office and are fittingly employed in the production of the same effects. So likewise do actions speak with an eloquence and power to affect the understanding and reach the feelings of men, when language, and writing, and painting have failed. With all people, in all ages, have these different agents been used, separately or combined, to express and enforce, to declare and illustrate intellectual and moral suggestions. Hence it is, that the exhibition of a

"Log-cabin," at this day, tells a story which a volume would scarcely disclose—giving courage and hope to a Harrisonian patriot and making a Van Buren office holder tremble as the leaf of an Aspen. Hence it is that a miniature resemblance of "Fort Meigs" unfolds, through the medium of the natural eye, a history of virtue and valor and patriotism—calls up recollections of glorious endeavor and lofty daring—which bring to the heart of the Harrisonian patriot promises of precious import to the waning honor and interests of his country, but convey to the mind of a Van Buren office-holder, of the *patent democratic* order, the expectation of a fearful future. Hence it is that the popular demonstration which has given so much eclat to the Convention of the 22d, has so fortified the thinking republican in his confidence in the virtue and intelligence of his countrymen, and and left to the "captains and leaders" of a well meaning but deluded party, hardly a loop on which to hang a hope.

The sun of the 21st, that seemed to look with joy upon the cheerful spectacle which the City that day presented, went down behind a clear horizon, and authorised the anticipation of a bright and propitious morrow. But the temper of the people was to be subjected to a trial. It remained to be determined whether the ardor of that spirit which brought together so many thousand citizens was to be chilled or dejected by trivial causes and slight annoyances. Before the morning came, dense clouds had supervened, the rain came down in torrents, and the entire exhibition of the remarkable pageant, which we are about to endeavor to describe to our readers, was executed under the disadvantage of its profuse and almost unintermitting fall. It had the effect to diminish its numbers—the aged and infirm were of necessity excluded from an active participation in it—but clouds and rain could not prevent the fulfilment of the previous arrangements or check the zeal or restrain the ardency of SIXTEEN THOUSAND citizens who formed the memorable

PROCESSION OF THE 22d.

Those of our readers who have seen this beautiful city—the Capitol of Ohio—will understand the remark, that no place is better adapted to an exhibition like that of which we write. Located on an extensive plain, its surface broken by a few gentle undulations only—its streets universally wide and many of its buildings high and capacious—there is no city better suited to give the finest effect to a magnificent display like that of the *Birth-day procession*. The morning slumbers of the thousands who enjoyed that night the free and cordial hospitalities of the inhabitants of Columbus, were interrupted at early dawn by the martial music of the Bands which gave most pleasant "note of preparation" for the business of the day, and reminded those whose ear received the sound that it was the day of Washington—the *pater patriæ*. It was 10 o'clock when the numerous detachments began to unite, and, group after group, company after company, in rapid and regular succession, added themselves to those which had preceded them, and formed, at length, one long unbroken line which the eye was unable to embrace, and an almost innumerable mass of men which the mind, without effort, was at fault to estimate. We will not attempt to present before the eye of the reader the complete scene as it was presented to that of the beholder—to this the powers of language are unequal. It shall be our object to place before him the separate parts which made it entire—his own imagination must combine them into one imposing and indescribable whole.

Had he stood on one of our principal streets and watched the progress of the magnificent train in its perfect arrangement, he would have seen in its van, a display of military excellence and splendor, not often exceeded in any thing save in numbers. This part of the procession was composed of a Battallion (three companies,) of volunteer Infantry, in full and beautiful uniform, from the populous and patriotic "Old Muskingum," under command of Lieut. Col. Curtis and Maj.

Dade, having in escort, Brig. Gen. Watkins and Staff, of Zanesville; a fine company of German Infantry from the county of Ross, and the three companies of our own City, which yield to none in perfection of discipline and elegance of appearance. It was a military grandeur worthy of the day—the anniversary-day of the Father of the Country—and worthy of the civic train which it led.

A Band of Musicians, in a car drawn by four horses, followed the military companies, and poured forth the rich and exhilarating strains of twenty instruments of music.

The next object of attraction was a Canoe of elegant construction and finish—borne on wheels, as a carriage—laden with a precious cargo of “Soldiers of the Revolution”—men who poured out their blood like water to gain the freedom of their country, and are ready to strive in the decrepitude of years to preserve the liberties their youthful valor won. At the stern of the Canoe was to be seen a full length likeness of Gen. HARRISON, handsomely though hastily executed by Mr. Wilson, a portrait painter of this city, of deserved reputation—supported by a *Buckeye Tree*, 40 feet in height, in perfect foliage and bloom. The whole drawn by 8 white horses under the hand of William Neil, Esq., whose public spirit and liberality had contributed this interesting portion of the pageant.

Then came a spectacle that spoke to the heart—that no American could look upon without feeling the warm blood course more freely through his veins, and his *love of country* wax purer and purer and higher and higher as it unfolded the story of '76. A venerable old man, bent under the weight of accumulated years, is mounted on a steed, white as the driven snow, leading another of equal whiteness, clothed in the equestrian habiliments of WAR, but without a rider. What does that mean? “That is an old soldier”—“a veteran of the revolution”—see you not by the light of his aged eye how the memories of the glorious past are crowding thick upon him and kindling up afresh in his inmost heart the fires of his youth and reviving the inspirations of the brightest day in the track of time? He is “Old LEWIS BOWYER,” the only survivor of “*Washington's Life-Guard*.” The horse which he leads wears the caparison of Washington's War-horse—the Saddle, Housing and Holsters used by Washington himself. The precious relics have been preserved with filial piety, by her, (a lady of Marietta, of the family of the illustrious Chief,) who, inheriting the patriotism as well as these impressive memorials of her ancestry, has sent them here to be seen of her countrymen and to bring up the recollections which are with them indissolubly associated. History and tradition reveal to us the proud and generous spirit of our revolutionary mothers, and we have gratifying proofs that the refinements and luxury of later times have not extinguished it in their daughters.

And there is the living Representative of the genius of our Country! The proud Bird—the emblem of Liberty—with eye that never winks, and wing that never tires! Fitting companion of the solitary remnant of Washington's Life-Guard, and associate of those who are commemorating the day which gave him to his country and the world, by endeavoring the elevation of one who stands now as he stood in his time—“First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.” That noble Eagle, mark the expression of his eye! Though fretted by the pinions which hold him—

“For were even paradise his prison

“Still he would long to scale the crystal walls—

seems to comprehend the purpose of his confinement and to rejoice in the omens around him which point to the redemption and honor of his country. That bird it is said was captured by an adherent of President Van Buren and sold to a Whig who has borne it hither from the wilds of Maumee—where the friends of liberty have struggled and bled and triumphed—where the Eagle delights to dwell and to revel in its wild, free life. It is destined to pass into the possession of one who, in other times, has known the places of its habitation and saved them from

the Indian foe and his more savage British ally—it is to be presented to Gen. HARRISON.

There is, indeed, an attractive object. That is "Fort Meigs." The imitation is perfect. How fraught is it with engrossing and impressive history! How much does it tell of the gallant man who at this moment occupies the thoughts and the hopes of his countrymen! It was no common zeal which stimulated the feelings of those who constructed that fabric—and well have they perfected the design. Those six fine horses which draw the interesting burden have imbibed the very spirit of "Fort Meigs"—mark the dignity of their motion and the military precision of their steps. "The length of the fort is 28 feet—its embankments six inches high, surmounted by piquets of 10 inches." Its garrison is 40 men. The Block-houses, seven in number. "The whole structure is a beautiful as well as perfect representation of the spot where HARRISON achieved a victory which has incorporated his name and those of the brave men whom he commanded with the never dying glory of his country. Observe those guns—twelve cannon, "with appropriate mountings,—are properly disposed at the batteries," and that little "brass *Spokesman*, cast at the Toledo foundry"—is about to tell its "iron tale" in imitation of its "illustrious predecessors" which *spoke* to fearful and destructive purpose in May 1813. Look at those flag-staffs, 20 feet in height. See floating from the foremost of them, that signal of virgin white, and read the inscription it displays.

"FORT MEIGS."

"BESIEGED MAY 1813."

"Tell General Proctor when he gets possession of the Fort he will gain more honor in the estimation of his king and country, than he would acquire by a THOUSAND CAPITULATIONS."

And on the streamer of the other are the last words of the brave, expiring LAWRENCE—which have become the watchword of the friends of American freedom, who are not permitted to despair of the Republic—

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

And yet another banner flies at the extremity of the Fort, which, addressing the "leaders" of a faction now urging the Confederacy to ruin, advises them of a truth which every successive day confirms, and in words of solemn import which they refuse to hear and heed.

"WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING."

Mark that aged man! He is a "hero of two wars." He was at the attack of Quebec in '76—he was chaplain to the army of Fort Meigs, thirty-seven years after—and now, at the age of 84 years, he is here to bear his testimony to the value of free institutions and the worth and virtue of his beloved commander. Such as he are HARRISON's witnesses before the country, against the traductions of his self-interested revilers.—

Now come the countless multitude of "Delegates to the Convention"—see the living mass as it moves on, forgetful of the fast falling showers above and the flooded streets beneath them! Hear the reiterated shout, as it rolls "like the voice of many waters," from end to end of the lengthened column! Truly, 'tis a scene which,

Take it for all in all,
We shall not look upon its like again.

But there is order in its arrangement—as there is harmony in its life and principle. They come in divisions, adjusted according to the Congressional Districts which they represent. Here is first the delegation of the District No. 1, conducted by their marshal, Col. Graham. They are from the Queen City and its lovely environs. They are the neighbors and friends of Harrison. They know him in private as we all know him in public relations.—The able and honest man—the pure and true-hearted friend. Look at that company of two hundred citi-

zens. They are not of the "silk hose and ruffle shirted" classes which so disturb the Democratic nerves of our office-holding and office-loving brotherhood. Silk stockings would recoil from that *mud*, and ruffle shirts would not expose their starched rigidity to these impetuous torrents. No; they are the true specimens of that "bone and sinew," of which these same patent democrats mouth so eloquently and feel so contemptuously. That canvass which precedes them bears on its face a happy device, and handsomely executed. Observe Proctor and his staff demanding the surrender of Fort Meigs. And there again you read the answer of the besieged commander—an answer which laughs to scorn ineffable the stupid slander which imputes to Harrison a quality short of the very soul of martial bravery. There is in the collocation and the bearing of the words themselves a firm and cool significance which a brave man only could conceive or utter.

"Tell General Proctor when he gains possession of this Fort it will be by means which will do him more honor, in the estimation of his king and country, than a thousand capitulations."

And here comes the 2d Congressional District, conducted by its Marshal, G. D. Hendricks—and preceded by its "Log Cabin,"—in token of the Republican simplicity of the people whom these represent—and the character of that good man around whom they are rallying as the appointed deliverer of their country.

The 3d is near them—these are the warm-hearted men who brought with them the "Fort Meigs" which has just passed us. See how their banners fly and their shouts rend the air! There are no "silk stockings" in that patriotic company—no "ruffle-shirted non-producers." Col. Van Horne is their marshal.

The 4th is at hand—T. B. Van Horne conducts its movements—what read we on its colors as they are unfolded by the winds? "Harrison and Tyler." "The people's candidates." "Retrenchment and Reform." Thus they speak—and such is the voice of the country.

And here is the Delegation of the 5th Congressional District. Marshal T. H. Lynch is at its head. High wave their banners in the air, and in merry peals of congratulation do they lift up their voices. Hear how the sound of their rejoicing is answered by the shouts of the multitude!

Again the animating tones of martial melody salute our ears. That splendid car with its Band of musicians, is from the town of Newark. It precedes the delegation of the 6th District—Marshaled by Col. Hearing. What have we on the flags which they bear? "The Farmer of North Bend." "Washington, Jefferson, Harrison."

"The 7th District nears us. Col. John Madeira marshals the men of "Old Ross," and Pike, Scioto and Jackson. Fifteen hundred citizens are there to speak for their neighbors on this great occasion. And what say they? Mark that painting—see you the likeness of the tiller of the earth—at the door of his humble cottage, his "log cabin," he stands with a mug of "hard cider" in his hand—who is *he*? On the other side you observe the military officer clad in warlike apparel—who is *he*? Can it be other than the "Farmer of Ohio," the "Hero of Tippecanoe?" They write their sentiments on their flags—and there we read—"The people are coming—the people have come." "Anti-Mat—Old fashioned Democrat." "One Presidential term, and the good of the people." But what are we to understand by that singular device before us? An old "Tinpan"—the bottom *lost or worn out*—supported on a *hickory* pole and clothed in mourning weeds? Who shall interpret its significance? Verily there is pith in that conceit, and meaning, deep meaning in its odd expression. It foretells the speedy destruction of a spurious creation of party fanaticism, which defies the Constitution and tramples on the freedom of thought, and betokens that its ruin will be followed by "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

But they have passed—the 8th is before us—again are our ears delighted by the rich music of that fine Columbus Band—Marshal S. G. Renick leads that numer-

ous delegation—Franklin, Pickaway, Madison, and Delaware are there. That long “Canoe” repeats the story of heroic deeds, and testifies a People’s gratitude and love. Those streamers reveal the purport of their thoughts, their wishes and resolves. “The Democrat of the Old School.” “The Cincinnati of the West.” “The Man who is to save the country.” “We try a Farmer for our President.” But what says Pickaway, in that painting which she bears along? One stands erect, with firm yet benignant brow, and sets his foot upon a BALL as if to give it motion—while a *diminutive* figure flies as if in terror of being overtaken and crushed by the moving ball. We read the exposition—“*Harrison setting the ball rolling.*” The design is just—the ball is in rapid revolution and no obstruction can stay its progress.

Here is District 9—Marshal P. Pheland—and close on its steps is the 10th—commanded by Col. Cumming. Mark the features of the men who compose these delegations. The “Dandies” and the “Rag Barons” are not among them. Such are not the inmates of that “Log-cabin.” They caught not the Wild-cat which furnished that skin which ornaments the roof—they are not the children of ease and luxury who eat the “corn bread” and drink the “hard cider” of the “Log cabin.” And look at that Shanty of the “Mad-river Trappers”—the “loafers” and “speculators” had no hand in trapping that Otter and hunting those Coons. But the men who did have come up here to *trap* the high officials who have deceived their confidence, and to *hunt* them out of *places* for which they are incompetent or unworthy.

But that numerous delegation has passed by with all their ingenious insignia and District 11, led by Col. Lofland—and 12, by Col. G. M. Young, are before us. And another band of musicians are pouring fourth the notes of gladness—and huzzas are following huzzas—and shout answering shout still fills the air—and flags and banners still wave before our astonished eyes—and ‘yet they come!’ That miniature Steamboat! drawn by five horses in *tandem*—the team seems to have caught the patriotic infection and to display the flag at the head of each in accordance with the universal spirit of the day. Aptly does that curious structure remind us, how a government unwisely or viciously administered has diverted or obstructed the natural channels of our prosperity and advancement.

And ‘yet they come!’ District 13, commanded by Marshal T. A. Jones—and 14—Col. R. Morton,—and 15—Col. Milford,—and banners and mottoes still crowd on our sight, and the voice of music and rejoicing still fall upon our ears. ‘There comes, indeed, a beautiful fabric!’ A ship, full rigged and manned. Her sails all set—her rigging taut—her crew of Forty, a company of brave and hardy spirits! With lungs of stentors and hearts of men—hear their loud huzzas for Harrison and for their country. That specimen of ingenuity hails from our City of the Lake. Her voyage of 130 miles has been rough and difficult—it has tried the *wind* of those fine horses, and would have tried the patience of the patriotic crew, had they been less in earnest. But here they are—and there is the Brig, ‘William Henry Harrison.’ She reminds the beholder of our depressed commercial interests, and appeals to him for efforts to redress their grievances—for mark the motto of her flag—‘Flourish Credit, Flourish Commerce.’ The ship goes on her way—may the feeling which animated her builders and now excites her ardent and determined crew, pervade the virtuous and enlightened of our country, until it is reclaimed from oppression and restored to wonted prosperity.

Here come other thousands—the Delegation of the 16th District—led by Col. A. Buskirk—and the 17th—J. Ebersole, Esq.,—and the 18th—Gen. Coulter—and the 19th closes this segment of the grand *procession*. And as they pass—their flags are still unfurled to the breeze—and their standards are lifted high and bold—and they proclaim the “words of truth and soberness”—“Harrison and Tyler”—“The men of the people.” “He is honest, he is capable, he is faithful”

to the Constitution." "Clar de kitchen for old Tip." Thus do they proclaim the will of the people—and hark! how the loud and prolonged huzzas asseverate the sure fulfilment of that will. If there be one who loves power more than right, the plunder more than the plaudits of his countrymen, let him tremble at the manifestations of this auspicious day—for *vox populi vox dei*. Who are those who pass us next? Their marshal is a Hunter of the forest—his accoutrements are those of the Western Pioneer—his trappings denote his character—and the thirty who follow him have the grave bearing which befit their advanced age and the firm tread of the courageous soldier? Such, indeed, they are—they fought and conquered with Harrison in his North Western campaign. That veteran, who heads the band, wears before us now the knapsack and the tin cup which he wore in Fort Meigs. And these tried patriots, when they knew that their old commander was again before his country—called by the people to another and a higher service—have come hither to bear witness to his exalted merit, and to publish their faith in his fitness and his virtue.

And who are these—another company who came with besom in hand, as if there were work of purification to be done—some Augean stable to be cleansed, demanding Herculean hands, and bold hearts and stubborn nerves to execute the task—bearing on their brooms the motto—"Harrison and Reform!" They tell their own story. They have discovered that the process is needful to the salvation of their country—and here they have come to unite in the resolution that the operation *shall* be performed—and the *stable swept*.

Here yet another group advances. They are sons of the Empire State—mingling with one accord in the outpouring of patriotic emotion and rejoicing in the happy promises of the occasion. They are sons of the Empire State—but their hearts are for "their country, and their whole country." Such is the sentiment they inscribe on the colors they bear—"From West the star of Empire takes its rise—New York hails it." "Our sufferings *is* intolerable." And now, the last great throng approaches. They are the inhabitants of the Capital and promiscuous hundreds of citizens from various parts of the extended State. But, though they come from far and near, one mind and one purpose are with them. They acknowledge alike the stirring truths which their numerous streamers tell—they feel alike the joyous impression of the music which delights the ear—and hear! how they resound, in oft repeated echo, the huzzas of the multitude before them, as they close up the long *procession*.

It only remains to inform the reader that the procession, which we have endeavored to picture to the mind's eye, having traversed the principal streets of the City, terminated at the spot where the Convention of the previous day was held. Here the multitude who had formed it was joined by the thousands who had not made a part of it. The Officers of the Convention having assumed their places, the vast assemblage was called to order. Although the rain continued to fall, this immense concourse of citizens, entered upon the duties before them, pursued the deliberations for which they had congregated, heard the reports of their Committees, and considered and adopted them as the reader is already advised. It was at this session of the Convention that eloquent and able addresses were delivered by Charles Anthony, Esq., of Clark, and John C. Wright Esq., of Cincinnati. These speeches were of great power and effect—commanding the unmeasured applauses of the many thousands who heard them—chained to the spot in spite of the inclemency of the weather. We trust our fellow citizens who did not hear, may yet have the privilege of reading them.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 22d, the objects of this extraordinary gathering of the people having been accomplished, with the same order and dignity which had distinguished its assembling and marked its proceedings, the Harrison and Tyler Convention was dissolved. The Convention was no more—but its

memory, its action, its power and its influence remain—these may not be measured—they belong to the revelations of the future.

We have yet much to communicate to our readers of this imposing and remarkable event. It is of the duties of our place—and to *do our duty* is the effort of our life.

We might write a volume on this subject—recording the incidents of the two days—and leave it unexhausted. We limit what we propose further to add, however, to a few prominent circumstances which ought not to be omitted, and some sketches of speeches which we authorized our readers to expect.

We alluded formerly to the address of Gen. Murphy—in the afternoon of Friday during the first setting of the Convention. It is not in our power to give the reader the substance even of this speech—but, one scene connected with it, (which has offended the sublimated morality of *patent* democracy and appeared in its pure eyes as most *disgusting blasphemy*,) has been communicated by a friend and ought to be preserved. It is well that the world should know what constitutes ‘blasphemy’ in the estimation of a Van Buren Democrat.

“The incident was strikingly impressive,” says the narrator. “Twenty thousand citizens stood around the orator, catching with eagerness, but perfect stillness, his words of eloquence and truth. He called on his hearers to rejoice that such men as Harrison and Tyler yet lived to redeem our common country from the abyss of ruin in which it was nearly engulfed; he invited their attention to the many grey-headed fathers, the active men ‘of other days’ then mingling with them—who, like Lighthouses on a dreary coast, were pointing the youthful mariners to the only sure haven of safety and repose, from the storm of political corruption howling around them—and, laying one hand on the silvery head of the venerable President of the Convention (who sat near him,) the speaker raised the other reverently towards heaven and uttered the earnest prayer that the God of mercy would preserve his valuable life and the lives of those of his cotemporaries who yet lingered with him in this world, to witness once more the re-establishment of the old principles of civil and religious liberty, the rebuilding of the institutions of our fathers, and the redemption of our country from the grasp of a ‘base born tyranny’ more odious to freemen than that of the scaffold and the sword. ‘The incident’” adds our friend, “was thrillingly impressive and produced a sensation upon the vast assemblage which the beholder could see but no man can describe.” Such was the ‘disgusting blasphemy’ which so painfully shocked the religious sensibilities of patent democrats. Gen. Murphy is not alone—these *fastidious moralists* will be required to mourn over the irreverence of countless thousands of just such blasphemers.

We are reminded, by this recurrence to Gen. Murphy’s address, of an incident related to us by an eye witness, and which would doubtless have been esteemed equally impious, Gen. Murphy’s critic being the judge. “I was a passenger” said our informant, “on one of the hindmost boats of the fleet which bore the Ross delegation to the Convention. In sweeping around the eastern verge of the Big Basin, four miles above Chillicothe, the line of boats formed a beautiful curve which brought the whole in full view of those on the deck where I stood. Suddenly we saw the standards of the leading boats crew waving in the air—the crowd on the deck, with heads bare and hats in hand, cheering with loud huzzas, an aged and venerable gentleman, who stood alone on the opposite bank, gracefully acknowledging the token of respect, and as he bowed his reverend head the silver locks streamed over his shoulders like threads of fine white silk upon the breeze. The German Band struck up our national hymn—and ‘Hail Columbia’ fell upon the delighted ear—and boat after boat passed on—the stars and stripes were made to kiss the surface of the rippling waters—and crew after crew paid

the homage due to age and virtue—and again and again did the venerable man of God salute the patriotic hundreds, with the solemnity and dignity befitting his own useful and irreproachable life and character—and bless them in their way and errand. ‘Peace be with you. The God of peace be with you,’ were his words. He was the Rev. Dr. Wilson, late President of the Ohio University. ‘The blessing of such a man,’ adds the friend who relates the anecdote, ‘is worth more than Gen. Murphy’s revilers are capable of understanding.’

There is one occurrence, or rather one series of occurrences, connected with our subject which justice forbids us to pass over. The arrival of the Brig and its jolly tars was of itself an event which attracted general curiosity—but its arrival was associated with other circumstances which heightened its interest and appealed to high and noble feelings—and, be it remembered, that this was an occasion and a time, when lofty principles and generous impulses were in the ascendant—when the spirit of freedom and truth, if ever, ‘ruled the hour.’ The Brig came from Cleveland, the City of Cuyahoga County—the City and County of LLOYD, a member of the General Assembly, whose name is familiar to our readers. They are aware of the severe trials to which he has been submitted—and some of them know the firmness and decision with which he has sustained himself under difficulties such as have overwhelmed older and more established men. Mr. Lloyd’s constituents are remote from the Capital—his enemies were said to have been diligent in their efforts to weaken their confidence in their Representative—and very recently it had been announced that he was condemned by the judgment of those who, of all the world, would be expected to encourage and support him under the assaults of his enemies. It is true that he had received very satisfactory testimonials from many of his temporary neighbors, that the decisions of his political adversaries upon the accusations against his moral rectitude, had not impaired his character in their estimation—but it remained to be shewn that the faith of his ‘own people’ was unaffected, and that the friends of his home and his fireside were true to him in his day of adversity. And it was shewn now. The reception of Lloyd by the Cuyahoga Delegates was testimony of priceless value to him, and of pleasant meaning to every generous bosom. We need not be particular—the demonstrations were sincere, abundant and oft repeated. It was no reluctant and doubtful welcome they gave their bold and faithful Representative. They took not his hand with the diffidence and coldness of equivocal estimation,—but the warm and zealous grasp of assurance and affection—and the reiterated huzzas of the hundred voices which went forth from the Ship’s company, while they spoke to the ears of the thousands around them, made their way to the *heart* of that brave young man. It was a happy moment for Lloyd, and of gratifying purport to the thinking mind. A public servant who guards with fidelity the interests and honor of the people, will not by the people be deserted. He who fails to maintain his own rights and his own honor may not be entrusted with the custody of those of his fellow citizens. Nor was it alone from his own peculiar constituents that Mr. Lloyd received most satisfactory proofs that he was justly appreciated by public opinion. In various forms and on numerous occasions did the thousands who filled the streets of the city testify their conviction of his integrity and honor.

We shall give the reader, in our next, some specimens (imperfect, to be sure,) of the eloquent and patriotic speeches which this Convention called forth.

Among the numerous evidences of the real character of this great assembly of citizens, is one circumstance which we are not at liberty to pass over. Without stopping to inquire into the reasons, (which we think are already obvious to the reader,) or to speculate upon the indications of the fact, we remark that, it *is* a fact of most pleasant import, that the instances of inebriety, among the thousands

of people congregated on this occasion, were, if they existed at all, so few as to escape the knowledge of persons who mingled with the vast crowd incessantly for the two days. The writer of this has heard the observation from a dozen gentlemen, at least, that during the whole time an intoxicated man was not seen by them. We will not affirm that there was no instance of inebriation. It is hardly imaginable that 20 to 30 thousand persons should remain together, under such circumstances, two, three, or four days, and no case of excess in drinking occur. We are bound, however, to express the opinion, that one tenth part of the number of men have never before assembled in this country on a like occasion, with so few instances of intemperance.

Nevertheless, it has been unblushingly declared, yea, published to the whole country, through the columns of the newspapers, that this Convention of citizens was composed of '*Drunkards, Blackguards, &c.*,'—that it was chiefly characterized by '*drunkenness, low and filthy songs,*' &c.! We allude to this, not to contradict, but to mark it as one of the '*signs of the times,*' by which we are admonished of the deep degradation of the public press and the lamentable extent of political corruption. Truth, and justice, and honor, seem to have become obsolete—the names are remembered, but their significance forgotten. Let us rejoice however, that in this very Convention we have the best and surest pledge that the end of chicanery and fraud approaches, and the day of reformation is at hand. There is no more doubt—no more fear—no more hesitancy about it. Whosoever has watched the motions of the popular mind is filled with confidence, and *knows* that deliverance and safety is near.

The reader needs not to be told that twenty thousand men, in the capacity of a deliberative body, must of necessity, transact the details of their business through the instrumentality of Committees. The poor attempt has been essayed to represent this great assemblage as submitting to the dictation of a few persons in reference to the important objects of its convocation. Singularly ridiculous does the effort appear to those who knew the temper and the feelings of the free-men who composed that congregation. The writer was one of one hundred and ninety who constituted a Committee to select a candidate for the office of Governor—ten, from each Congressional District, appointed by the respective Delegations. If any principle less powerful than *love of country* and of liberty had influenced the men of this Convention, here, in this Committee, was the place for its development. But in this, as in every other operation of the Convention, local predilections and personal preferences were manifestly merged in a high toned sentiment of disinterested patriotism. And while there were those who believed that considerations of expediency recommended the adoption of another as the Gubernatorial Candidate, never did nomination receive a more hearty assent than did that of THOMAS CORWIN from the members of that Committee. The proofs of this fact were most cheering and conclusive. It would have been strange, indeed, if every mind had at once been found concentrated on the same individual—but, when a majority had disclosed their choice, and that choice was CORWIN, delegation after delegation, with the alacrity and sincerity inspired by the sense of a common danger and the importance of a common object, surrendered their partialities for other individuals, and plighted their truth and faith to the cordial and zealous support of Mr. CORWIN. Not the cold and reluctant pledges, the fruits of constraint and necessity, but the free, generous and earnest resolutions of men acting independently in behalf of a suffering country. The scene was one to be admired and remembered. We might dwell upon its incidents and interest the reader—but, we hasten to conduct him to another.

During the sitting of the Convention in the afternoon of Saturday, the people, eager to hear the views of their distinguished fellow citizens on public affairs, called loudly for Mr. ANTHONY to address them. This gentleman, known as an

able and tried public servant, had been looked to by many as the most suitable candidate for the Chief Executive office of the State. His friends were numerous and warmly attached; yet, among them is, probably, not one more zealous than himself in support of Mr. CORWIN. How warmly he espouses the nominee of the Convention, the sketch of his address which follows, will show. This speech was delivered under very uncommon circumstances. The unnumbered multitude of hearers stood upon the flooded streets, exposed, with their orator, to the rain which fell without intermission during all this time. Yet, never was audience more intensely interested or speaker heard with more apparent applause.

Being wholly extemporaneous—many of its topics suggested at the instant, by others in the animated crowd of those who listened—our readers will see the impossibility of transferring it to paper in its original power and spirit. They will not fail, however, to be interested with the *substance* of

THE SPEECH OF CHARLES ANTHONY, Esq.

Delivered before the Convention of the 22d February.

Mr. Anthony said, that as he had been called on yesterday when he could not obey the call, he felt bound to obey the present call. He did, indeed, desire to say something in relation to this nomination, but he feared that, situated as they were, it would be asking too much to propose to detain them standing deep in the mud and in the falling rain to listen to a speech, (a general cry of, go on, go on,) and he proceeded.

There is, in one point of view, a peculiar fitness in the nomination now before us. When the brave Harrison and his gallant army were exposed to the dangers and hardships of the Northwestern frontier—separated from the interior on which they were dependent for supplies by the brush, woods, and swamps of the St. Mary's Country, through which there was no road, where each waggoner had to make his way through the woods wherever he could find a passable place, leaving traces and routes which are still visible in the woods for a space of several miles in width, and several days' journey in length. There was one team which was managed and driven by a little dark complexioned hardy looking lad, about 15 or 16 years old, who was familiarly called Tom Corwin. Through all of that service he proved himself a *good whip* and an excellent *reinsman*. And in the situation in which we are about to place him, he will be found equally skillful. From the wagon service he returned to his father's farm, but in consequence of an injury in the knee, he betook himself to education and afterwards to the study of law. And he is now one of the best lawyers, and one of the best men in the State.

But it is not for the sake of any man or set of men, that we are induced in this inclement weather to assemble here in such crowds as fill this city. The great, the good, the brave Harrison, honest, capable, and faithful—and Virginia's favorite, Tyler, distinguished for honesty, judgment, and firmness, and all the other qualities of a great statesman—and Ohio's Corwin, identified with the people in all their interests—although, entitled to the confidence and love of their countrymen, have no claims upon us sufficient to produce all this effort.

No, gentlemen, we come to contend for high and important principles, and to adopt measures to rescue our Government from the hands of the spoilers. And this burst of feeling in behalf of the men proposed, is not so much on account of their worth—worthy as they are—as on account of their being the *honest* instruments selected to war against the corruptions and abuses of the Government. The thousands by whom I am surrounded are stimulated by *patriotism*. We come to resist the robbers of the Government and the people—the whole list from the prince of public robbers, Swartwout, through the long line down to the

little petty pilferer of *outside quires*. As this Convention will adjourn to-day, I cannot take time to specify the particular cases of defaulters and peculators, but there is one remarkable feature belonging to them; the majority now in power have seldom been willing to let one of them leave the service with only *one* pocket full.

And this Legislature of ours, now in session, which is the most *dignified body* with which I have ever been acquainted, seems to have acted strictly upon this principle. For when it was found that the State Printer had taken the outside quires, they re-elected him to office, although his charges for the printing may amount to some \$5000 per annum more than *honest* and competent men offered to perform the same service for. This *dignified* Legislature has performed at least one thing for the public during their three months labor, they have solemnly established the point, that the man who takes the outside quires of the paper belonging to the State, ought to stand higher in the scale of morality for the act. Then, I ask, how awfully high should that man stand, or *hang*, who takes whole reams.

One thing more have this Legislature done already. They have acted in part upon the removal of the seat of Government. It will naturally be asked why the \$100,000 expended towards the new State House should be thrown away—the other public buildings abandoned—the beautiful and costly Asylum, and the new Penitentiary, be given up, and the public spirited and hospitable citizens of Columbus disappointed in their just expectations. It is all owing to the want of a sufficient regard for the *dignity of this Legislature*. The inefficiency of the Speaker's warrant. Some gentlemen, of Columbus, ventured to say to Mr. Lloyd, that they had undiminished confidence in his honor and integrity. This was too much for them to say to a person who was under the ban of the party. But this was not all, for this Convention was approaching. And as each wind wafted to them the notes of busy preparation, they were terrified at the patriot shouts which came rushing upon them. The Convention could not be arrested on a Speaker's warrant, nor expelled by a party vote. And on Thursday, as *the people* came pouring in, they determined to take themselves off at once to get out of our way, and to punish the Columbus people. But where shall they go? Old Fairfield says to them, we beg of you in the name of democracy, not to come here; for if you bring *such a Legislature* into this county we shall be all alive for Harrison and Reform, in a month. They turned to Licking with uplifted hands. She says, we beg of you not to come among us, we can scarcely keep our balance now, and *if you come here*, we shall give it up. Terrified at the sound of Harrison and Reform, they must remain where it is in the ascendant, and the people of Ohio will be saved the expense and inconvenience of a removal of the seat of Government. I am asked why they do not propose to go to Clark? I answer, that it is because we are nearly all on one side, and it would be *very uncomfortable to them*. And I am sure I may venture to say in behalf of the 5 or 600 Clark county boys, farmers, mechanics, and Mad River trappers, and indeed in behalf of the whole Mad River valley, with its 1500 or 2000 delegates now in this Convention, that they expect nothing, ask nothing, wish for nothing, but the triumph of correct principles. Uniting fully in this feeling, let me say for myself that, as I did not come here a seeker, I cannot be sent home a disappointed mourner. And let me add that whilst I recommend to others, not only *union*, but also constant *effort* in bringing out the truth before the people. I am quite willing to perform my part. You may put me down a regular Circuit preacher in the Mad River Circuit, under Bishop Corwin.

There is one other act of the majority of this Legislature, which ought not to be passed over with indifference by the people. The integrity and independence of the judiciary of this country must be maintained. Whenever our judges

become corrupt and venal, our liberties will be lost. The majority of the Legislature have required the candidates for the office of Judge of the Supreme Court, to answer interrogatories touching principles which may come before the Supreme Court for adjudication. This unparalleled stride in corruption ought to be promptly rebuked. And while in deep sorrow I call your attention to the subject, as one which every honest man ought to turn to in sorrow and humiliation, let me say there is one consoling circumstance. One man was found having the honesty and firmness to resist the claims of party, and the temptations of office. One whom we of the 12th Judicial district know as an able and upright Judge, and a sound man. The man who spurned the attack upon the purity of the Judicial ermine, and his personal integrity, was Joseph R. Swan—Van Buren man as he is, let us give him three cheers. Honor to whom honor is due.

But to return to the main subject.—This point of the issue, made between the Harrison party and the party now in power, is one which ought to be seriously and conscientiously decided by every citizen. Let all who are opposed to the actual corruptions, peculations and abuses, which have marked the course of the *high toned* party, rally around the standard of *Harrison and Reform*, and those who think that such things ought to be excused, justified and supported, must have the privilege of supporting the men who favor them.

But there is another point of the issue between the parties which is very important. We go for not only the strict limitation of Executive power, but also for reducing the power and patronage of the General Government, and especially of the Federal Executive; and to this end we are for a President *of one term*. The tendency of the doctrines, as well as the acts of the party in power, are to retain and to extend their power, to strengthen the hands of the General Government, to give to the Chief Executive Magistrate an all pervading influence, which, if successful, must in the end lead to consolidation—the concentration of all power within the ten miles square. I cannot detain you with the proof, as we are now situated, but let any man examine and reflect upon the course of that party for a few years back, and compare it with the doctrines of the old fashioned Jefferson and Madison democracy, and the conviction will be forced upon his mind that the people have already yielded too much to the “high powers at Washington.”

There is one subject upon which there is doubtless a common sympathy in this Assembly, and for the inconveniences of which the other party are to a great extent responsible. The scarcity of money. They have carried on a violent war against the currency, against the Banks, and against the mercantile interests, which necessarily operates with almost equal force upon the farmers and mechanics. They raised the cry, down with the Banks, without regard to the consequences. I am no Bank man, not the champion or friend of the Banks, not even a stockholder. But when they tell us that the Banks are an evil and an injury to the community, they ought to offer some adequate remedy. The sudden destruction of the Banks, and the withdrawal of several millions of their paper from circulation must occasion distress. It is a subject on which they have no system. Some of them tell you that the paper circulation is unnecessary, and the country must be brought to a hard money circulation; others say they are in favor of paper, but they want local Banks, with personal liability and the right of repeal; whilst others insist that State Banks or free Banks should supply a circulation. But in general the theory seems to be to destroy, without any definite plan beyond that. Some of us who have assisted at *House raisings*, and been the *corner men* upon *Log cabins*, could inform them that one man may throw down what twenty-five would be required to *raise*. They had the power at the last session of the Legislature, as at this, to create such institutions as they might propose for the relief of the country, to supply the place of those which they are

breaking down, and might have introduced into them the principles they profess to wish for. It appears to be all humbug. They have no system, they propose no definite plan.

But let the Banks take care of themselves; for as far as they are concerned, the Harrison party are not to be identified with them. But as the people are concerned, the recklessness of the party in power in trifling with the currency whilst it brings inconvenience and distress to every class and calling, it also affords another evidence of their unfitness to govern.

This thing it is proper to consider; but at this time, and in this great struggle it is of secondary consequence. The other party will present false issues, will endeavor to divide us upon questions about Banks, Abolitionism, Antimasonry and every thing else which they may think likely to weaken us. But let us not be drawn away from the great question of Reform in the General Government. When the people shall have arrested the tide of power, and brought the government back to its true principles; when they shall have limited and circumscribed within proper bounds the General Government, and especially the now kingly President; when the actual corruptions and abuses of the government are stopped, punished or remedied; we can much better settle up the questions arising out of our divisions and subdivisions.

My speech, Gentlemen, is only the preface to the resolution; let us adopt it unanimously and with a hearty zeal, and let all the Harrison men and all the friends of *Reform* come up to the election of their Governor as a necessary measure for the success of the great cause, and because you could not in any case get a better Governor.

When Mr. Anthony had concluded his remarks—and the acclamations had ceased—the Hon. John C. Wright, being on the stand, was earnestly called for. He yielded to the invitation and addressed the multitude in a speech of great eloquence and power; a sketch of which we shall lay before our readers in the next paper.

We promised our readers a sketch of the address of the Hon. John C. Wright before the Convention on the 22d. But to those who are acquainted with that gentleman's style of oratory, and especially his power of unmasking the deformities of vice and folly, it is superfluous to remark, that in the following sketch we present but the skeleton of an able address which is not to be forgotten, in its bold outlines, by those who heard it. To appreciate its cutting satire, its severe truths, its inimitably caustic illustrations, one must have listened to the voice and looked upon the person of the orator. The speech, like that of Col. Anthony, was altogether extemporaneous—but for that very reason probably it was the more effective. Those who have known Judge Wright in the forum or in the Senate, are aware, that wickedness and corruption find no favor in his hands when he comes athwart them upon either of those theatres. On this occasion, when it became his duty to confer with his countrymen about their public interests, there were few among the thousands who stood around him, who did not acknowledge that he administered a just—but, in truth, a most merciless castigation to the unworthy office-holder. Never probably since he sat in the chair of the Senate, has Mr. Van Buren been handled so faithfully or so *glovelessly*.

That the reader may the better appreciate some passages of the sketch which follows, it is proper to inform him that Judge Wright, on his way to the Convention, found suspended in a Tavern, the image of Mr. Van Buren painted on a bit of glass. In a spirit of banter he bought it as the only *specimen* which he and his fellow travellers met with on their journey.—The reader should also know, that the assembled people had been described, through the party 'organ' as 'fools;'

and because of an excellent likeness of the patriot, Harrison, by an artist of this city, and borne in the procession, as *worshippers of images*—as ‘clans’ and ‘tools’—*bowing to idols* and *licking the spittle from their master’s shoes*, &c.—and General Harrison as an ‘old granny,’ &c. When Judge Wright was called on to address the Convention, the portrait of Harrison, a full-length likeness, was placed on the stand in view of the multitude around him, and he held in his hand the little image of Mr. Van Buren on glass. The rain was pouring down upon the vast assembly, but neither speaker nor hearers heeded rain or other thing while aught remained to be done.

With these explanations we present to our readers an imperfect sketch of the

ADDRESS OF THE HON. JOHN C. WRIGHT.

Judge Wright alluded to the state of the weather—such as would render the situation of his audience and himself uncomfortable if they were there to consult for their personal and temporary pleasure—but they had higher objects and nobler purposes—and the vicissitudes of weather and rain and storm had ceased to be felt as annoyances, while the welfare of a beloved country was on the verge of destruction and needed to be saved from impending ruin. He said we had reason, indeed, to be thankful to Heaven for showering its blessings so bounteously on the arid land—the earth had been parched—and the springs of water, as well as all the sources of the country’s prosperity, had been dried up. He could not but regard it as a token of good—as an intimation of the approbation of a kind Providence of the aims and the works of that patriotic assemblage of earnest and anxious and determined freemen. He would esteem the falling and refreshing showers, cheering and fructifying the natural world, as the forerunner of change for the better in the political; he would please himself with the belief that, as they replenished the head-springs of the rivers and fertilized the inundated valleys, so would soon swell the streams of public indignation, until they overwhelmed and swept off the vandals who had got possession of the government, reduced the country to the brink of desolation and dried up the fountains of its prosperity and happiness. He bade the office holders, therefore, beware! On this birth-day of the saviour of his country the bountiful clouds are giving out their refreshing showers to the thirsty earth—and here, on the same day, the people have come—twenty thousand oppressed and indignant freemen—these events, said the speaker, betoken approaching results. As the ground shall be again saturated and the flow of the springs shall again be full and free, so shall the abused and deceived people dismiss from their confidence and service their treacherous agents, and the country’s prosperity and success set once more in its floodtide. Let the office holders beware!—their day of reckoning is coming.

The Statesman, said Judge Wright, (alluding to the leading Van Buren paper of the city,) says, that *the fools* have come up here. The Statesman was authority in such a case—most excellent authority! But was it so? asked Judge Wright. Was the vast assemblage before and around him—among whom he saw much of age, of worth, respectability and patriotism—made up of *fools*? It might be so—the wise and veracious Statesman ought to know—did know,—but if it were so—if such men were *fools*, he rejoiced that he was one among them. He was proud to find himself in such company, and that he had no part nor lot, kindred nor connexion with the wise men who belonged to the Statesman or to whom the Statesman belonged. What had the wisdom of these wise men done for the country? What *promises* had it fulfilled? What *pledges* had it redeemed? The reformation it promised had been the reform of the spoiler—the prosperity it pledged for the country, had been that of the plunderer. Its professions had been fair enough and wise enough—its practice had struck at the foundations of public liberty and dried up the sources of public prosperity. It had become necessary for the *fools* to take care of themselves—and they would do it.

This wise Statesman, continued Judge Wright, charges that we *worship idols*—that we hold images aloft and bow down before them and do them homage and reverence. He invited the Convention to look upon the portrait before them, (the excellent likeness of Gen. Harrison was on the platform;) it was the portrait of the manly and noble Harrison, the soldier, the patriot, the man of his country; who defends it in war and serves it in peace. If we worship idols, said he, we worship good and respectable looking ones. We bow down to no little, creeping, contemptible thing. He asked his fellow citizens, as they looked at the representation of HARRISON, to think of the man, to remember his deeds; his long and faithful service of his country, and how poorly had his services been required. Fifty years had he given to the service of his country, with more power and greater oppor-

tunities of successful speculation than any other man ever had; yet had he come out of that long service with a conscience void of offence, in honorable poverty, and with hands unstained by *spoils*. He had been a patriot always and an honest: in the field, in the Senate, in peace and in war, in public duty and in retirement; and now, like his great prototype, the Roman Cincinnatus, he was called from his plough by an oppressed and suffering people to deliver them, not from a foreign enemy, but from domestic tyranny and corruption, which, though different in kind, was not the less destructive of their interests and happiness, and required equally the exertions of a brave and virtuous citizen to subdue. Judge Wright called upon his countrymen to look at Gen. Harrison as he was, as he had been, as he appeared in all the aspects of his character and all the actions of his life, and to say whether an honest and generous people could fail to be indignant, that such a man should be called by the foul-mouthed minions of power 'a coward and a granny!' He claimed of every patriot, as the duty which he owed to justice and honor and truth, and to his country, to protect the good name of such a man from the vile and infamous abuse of the robbers of the public wealth and the plunderers of the public character.

Judge Wright held up, between his thumb and finger Mr. Van Buren's little glass image; that, he said, was the likeness of the spoilers' candidate; that was the idol which these 'wise' men worshipped, and the twenty thousand '*fools*' whom he addressed turned from in disgust; that was the image of a man who had no sympathies with the people: who took to himself and his minions the *money* of the country and *left-rags* to the people; it was the image of a man who had deceived the country with the syren song of Democracy, but who never did any thing for it, and who never yet had been known to forget himself. It was the image of a man who held, that government was instituted for the office-holders, not for the protection and welfare of the people, and that, it had enough to do to take care of itself and its officers; of a man whose selfish and destructive measures had brought down the prices of production and the wages of labor to the lowest living standard, stagnated commerce, obstructed business, paralyzed the energies of the thriftiest country in the world, expelled the circulation, emptied the public treasury, crippled the enterprise and capital of the wealthy, and driven the poor man to penury and despair. Such were the candidates for the Presidency. There was the brave and good Harrison, (pointing to the full length portrait on the stage.) Here was the Van Buren: the candidate of the office holders, (holding up the little glass image.) Here they were, such as he had described; such as they had proved themselves; such as they were known. He called upon his countrymen to look at them, to think of them; to remember the men, as they had been, as they were; their principles, their characters; he exclaimed,

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this;"

and asked the great assembly of his countrymen, *which of the two they would have to rule over them?* (The shout of twenty thousand men camp up from the vast multitude, and long and loud huzzas for Harrison! told in a voice of thunder the answer of the throng to the orator's question.) When the acclamations had ceased, Judge Wright proceeded. He had not mistaken the opinions and feelings of the citizens whom he addressed. Their reply to the question which he had propounded, spoke forth the patriotic emotions of their hearts and the indignation which they felt for the infamous efforts to calumniate and stigmatise one of the purest and bravest men of the age, and who, in the language of Mr. Madison, had done more for his country and received less compensation for his services, than any other man in it. The sound of their voices, as it testified the sense which the people entertained of Harrison's worth, was even then striking terror into the ranks of the spoilers. It represented the sentiment and feeling of the country; it indicated a spirit which would not be repressed; a spirit which even the strong chains of party would find itself impotent to bind down; a spirit which was already assailing the strong holds of power, and would presently shiver their corrupt defences and break them into fragments, as the frail and brittle image which he then cast upon the stage was broken into a thousand fragments. (Judge Wright did not, as it has been falsely asserted, stamp upon the image; there was no piece left big enough to stamp on, if he had desired to do so, which he did not.) The speaker alluded to certain recent measures of the General Assembly of Ohio; adverted particularly to the removal of the seat of government; the beautiful edifices connected with the Benevolent Institutions, the pride of the generous people of the State, and the enduring monuments of her glory; all to be cast down to gratify the malicious spleen of a few demagogues who chose to imagine their *dignity* invaded by an expression of popular opinion. He spoke with great force and eloquence in his references to these topics, and bade his countrymen be of good cheer! He said the day of deliverance from petty tyranny as well as extensive and fearfully mischievous misrule was near at hand; that the reckless madness

and selfish folly of the office holders had aroused the people at last, and the period of their dominion drew nigh. The march of ruin would be at last and effectually arrested, the prosperity of the country restored, and its liberties and institutions saved. He exhorted those whom he addressed, nevertheless, to relax not in their exertions; to remember the cause in which they were engaged; its nature, its objects, and the vast interests which hung upon the issue; and that they ceased not to strive in *a cause so good* and for *interests so great* until the battle should be fought and the victory won.

When Judge Wright had finished his remarks, of which we have but given to the reader the outlies in the foregoing sketch, the Convention proceeded to complete the business before it, and soon thereafter was dissolved. A large proportion of the citizens who had composed this great popular meeting, left the city for their homes in a few hours after their adjournment; but several thousands tarried. In the evening the throng congregated in the Market House, where, protected from the rain which yet continued to fall, they were interested for several hours by several eloquent and most impressive addresses. It was not the good fortune of the writer to be present on this occasion. From those who were, he has received very gratifying accounts of the occasion and its incidents. We are pleased to have it in our power to lay before our readers a speech delivered, at this time, by O. P. Baldwin, Esq., of Chillicothe, which, at our pressing solicitation, he has kindly furnished us for the purpose. We will now only say concerning it, that those who have enjoyed the opportunity of hearing it from the mouth of its author, are most desirous of being permitted the perusal of it. It shall appear in our next paper.

The speech of Mr. Baldwin, which we promised in our last and which we now offer to our readers, will be read with profound interest. We do not hesitate to commend it to public attention, as eminently worthy of its subject and the occasion. We ought, perhaps, to remark, in justice to the orator, that the speech was delivered in obedience to a sudden and unexpected call, at a moment of remarkable enthusiasm, and, of course, without preparation or even a minute's reflection. It may not therefore, be *all* that was said, nor *verbatim et literatim* what was said; it is, however, substantially a correct report—differing not from the original in thought, and rarely in language.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader nor discourteous towards the orator, to say that Mr. Baldwin is a young man, and but a little while ago was the Editor of a Van Buren paper in which he advocated the claims of the *distinguished Democrat*, as we are told, with much ability. He is now an able and most zealous supporter of the cause of the country, in the persons of Harrison and Tyler. It would be superfluous to remark to any who shall *read* this speech, that truth and patriotism find in him an advocate of superior talents—actuated by a warm and intrepid spirit.

SPEECH OF O. P. BALDWIN, ESQ.

Fellow Citizens—We have often heard the trite maxim, that our Republic depends for its strength and perpetuity upon the virtue and intelligence of our people. Foreigners have affected to deride the idea that such a foundation can sustain the fabric of our institutions. And, indeed, judging from the past triumphs of this corrupt administration, even an American might feel inclined to doubt the fulfilment of his hopes, and distrust the honor of his countrymen. But, if any one has thus allowed his heart to fail him, least the goodly superstructure of our liberties had, after all, been built upon the sand, and should be washed away by the first storm, the spectacle we have this day witnessed must have dissipated all his apprehensions. We have seen the *people* coming to the rescue, we have seen the log cabins pouring forth their

thousands, we have seen the farmer leaving his toil, and the mechanic his work shop, we have seen the old man and the boy, all gathering in one mighty crowd to defend the constitution and the laws, and vindicate the virtue and intelligence of the American people. Why do we come here this day? Is this a convention of office holders, of men who are congregated from self-interest, of men who depend on the charity of the public for their daily bread, and wish to secure to themselves the spoils they have so long enjoyed? No. The men who compose this convention ask no favors from the public purse, they earn their bread by their own industry, they depend on their own strong arms and stout hearts for the support of themselves and their families. If they are governed by selfish motives, why do they not join the party in power? If they want bread and butter, is not Martin Van Buren always ready to give it to those who will sing Hosannas in his praise? Why then are they Whigs? Because they love *principle* better than money or office.

Of the two candidates for the Presidency, Martin Van Buren of Kinderhook, and General Harrison of Ohio, I wish to say a few words. Without going into any detail of the public or private life of Mr. Van Buren, I will state the impression which I have received of his character during the time that I resided in his native county, and from conversation with persons who had known him long and well. From early youth he has been distinguished for the most inordinate ambition. I do not mean to assert that ambition is a crime, but I mean to say, that Martin Van Buren's ambition has always been of the most selfish kind. It has not been that generous spirit of emulation, which, while it seeks great success, seeks also to deserve it. His maxim ever has been that the end justifies the means. And I do not doubt that if the secrets of his heart could be laid open, it would appear that from his very boyhood, he has had his eye upon the Presidency of the United States, and that to obtain that object he has ever been determined to make any sacrifice—to sacrifice principle, and honor, and friendship, to stifle every generous emotion, and never to do an act which would not have a bearing, directly or indirectly, upon the great end he had in view. His whole life shows that he has acted upon this resolution. When he found that the friends who encouraged him in his youth, were not as influential as others, who were their enemies, he gave them up. When these in their turn could no longer be serviceable to him, he deserted them also, always, however, managing to get one step higher on the ladder. You all know how he treated De Witt Clinton, a man whom he had professed to love and honor. That great statesman found to his cost, that in assisting to elevate Van Buren from obscurity, he had only lifted a viper from the ground, which repaid him for his kindness by stinging the hand that raised it. And thus has he constantly proceeded, using his friends as stepping stones, and crawling along up the hill, till he has at last arrived at the top, and thus verified the saying of the poet, that "worms may creep where eagles dare not soar."

Now place by the side of such a picture, the character of William Henry Harrison, the Cincinnatus of North Bend. If he has ambition, it is of that noble kind which will either gain its objects honorably, or not at all. His ambition is not a devouring flame, which consumes the heart, while it lights the mind to greatness. His ambition has been for his country, and not for himself; for free principles, and not for the elevation of his own name. You all know there is no such thing as selfishness in his nature. It has ever been generous, manly, kind; and though he may live in a log cabin, yet its doors are ever open to his friends, and the stranger and the poor man are never turned away from its hospitable board. Let his old fellow soldiers call on him, and see if he has forgotten them, or will cast them from him like broken tools no longer fit for use. No. That may be Martin Van Buren's nature,

but it is not the nature of William Henry Harrison. And as for that desire for the Presidency which has characterized Martin Van Buren from the time when he went to school, I do not believe that General Harrison would have thought of such a thing to this day, of his own accord. He had left public life as he supposed for ever; he had satisfied himself with the laurels he had already acquired in battle; he had retired to labor on his farm. And it was there at that honest employment; it was there, working with his own hands; it was there, following his plough, that the country found him, when she offered him the highest, the best reward in the gift of man, the Presidency of a free people.

Let us now return to Martin Van Buren again; and since there is nothing in his character to recommend him, let us see if there is any thing in his conduct as a public man which should induce us to yield him our support. Where was he in the late war? Our country was then in an hour of adversity, of bitter trial. She was assailed by the power of an immense empire, and on her North-western border the clouds of war were thickening, and hordes of mercenary soldiers and savages were doing their work of slaughter and pillage. Our country needed men. Her armies required to be supplied. She called, she implored all her sons to go up and help her. Did Van Buren answer that call? No. Where was he? Snugly seated at Kinderhook, warming his feet by the fire. He never raised his arm in her defence. He never fired a gun at her enemies. Fighting was not in his line. The sword and the rifle were not his weapons. The sight of cold steel gave him an ague. In the expressive language of an Indian, "*he too much dars'nt.*"

And now what has he ever done in civil life? Has he ever benefited our commerce or our trade? Has he ever originated any great plan for the national advancement? No. But instead of all this, he has deranged the finances of the nation, and brought general distress and insolvency upon the land. What has he ever done for the West? When and where did he ever raise his voice in her behalf? No where. He has uniformly acted and voted against the interests and prosperity of this portion of the Union. And in all his public career, he has exhibited the most shameful inconsistency, inconsistency with his own avowed principles, inconsistency with his own previous actions. So perpetually is he shifting his ground, that there is no knowing where to find him. And I know not what reason he can give for his mutations, unless indeed he answers as a Shaker once answered to some one who asked him, "why do you Shakers always turn round in a circle?" "Why," he replied, "does'nt the scripture say, 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?'"

Let us now return to General Harrison, and see if his public life has been as useless as that of Van Buren. I need not inquire of you where General Harrison was when the flame of war raged upon our frontiers. Instantly, instantly he girded his sword to his side, and flew to the rescue. You know how arduous was the task committed to his hands, how vast was the extent of country he was obliged to defend with a small force, and how numerous and well appointed were the armies of the enemy. But he succeeded in every battle—he never knew defeat,—and at length driving the foe from our shores, he carried the war into their own Territories, and most signally routed them at their own firesides. Ohio owes it to General Harrison, that her sons were saved from slaughter, and her daughters from the violence of a brutal soldiery. Ohio owes it to General Harrison that all her fields were not laid waste, her cities burned to ashes, her hearths crimsoned with the blood of her children. Go, visit Lake Erie, gaze upon the fleets, the white winged messengers of commerce, which cover her waters; go, view the fair and flourishing cities upon her borders, whose streets resound with the hum of a

busy population, and whose spires rise proudly towards Heaven, and then remember that Ohio owes it to General Harrison, that that Lake is serviceable to our trade, that those cities have arisen in the wilderness, and that the altars of a pure faith are not superseded by the foul rites of Indian idolatry. And the government of the United States owes it to General Harrison, that the most fruitful portion of her Territory, the West, the beautiful West, the brightest star in our national banner, is not transferred to deck the diadem of a British King. And what has Martin Van Buren ever done for his country that will compare with benefits like these?

But time would fail me were I to attempt even a brief enumeration of all the services which entitle the Hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames to the gratitude and suffrages of American citizens. There is another light in which, for my own part, I love to regard him as much as in his military career. There is a name, by which he is sometimes called, which to my ear has more music, and speaks to my heart with a more moving eloquence, than the title of Hero and Conqueror. It is the name of *the poor man's friend*. He has won this title most justly, most honorably. Contrary to his own interests, he procured the passage of the law by which the Western lands were to be sold in such small portions that every poor and industrious citizen could obtain an ownership in the soil, and a support for himself and his family. This single measure has enhanced the prosperity of the West beyond all calculation; it has brought within our borders the tide of emigration; it has assisted to clear away the forests, and introduce the abodes of man, and the comforts of civilization into the heart of the wilderness. It has done more. It has narrowed the line of distinction which before existed between the rich and the poor, and checked the tendency of that spirit of aristocracy which had already begun to display itself in a republican country. It has given the poor man an interest in his country, in her institutions, in her prosperity. He feels that she is his own country, that her welfare is his welfare; and with the means to educate his children, he looks forward with happy expectation to the time when they shall be able to fill a place in the councils or the armies of his native land. General Harrison has indeed been the poor man's friend, and at the next election, the poor men will prove it. Let our opponents sneer at the poverty of our candidate. Wait till next October, and the people from the log cabins will teach them a lesson in good manners, such as it is to be hoped, they will not soon forget.

It is alleged by the friends of the Administration that General Harrison has never distinguished himself except as a Military Chieftain. This comes with remarkable propriety from the party which supported General Jackson for the Presidency, a man who never composed one of the Messages or State papers to which his signature was affixed. But the charge is false. The Administration of General Harrison as Governor of the North-western Territory, is alone sufficient to refute the allegation. His reported speeches in the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States; his letter to General Bolivar, the various productions of his pen which have graced our literary periodicals, all exhibit him to us, in the most favorable light as a Statesman, a profound and correct thinker, an eloquent debater, and a classical and fascinating writer. That he has not the same kind of talent with Mr. Van Buren we frankly admit. He is not a crafty and insinuating politician. He does not seek like a feeble vine to entwine himself around the popularity of others, and thus arrive at a lofty elevation. No. Like the majestic trees of our western wilds, he depends on his own native vigor, on his own self-derived strength, and with no other aid than these, we shall soon see him lift his head above the sickly parasite which has raised itself into notice, by clinging to the old hickory for support.

Another of the slanderous assertions of the loco foco press is the charge that General Harrison is a coward. I will not insult your understandings by offering a grave reply to such an absurd and scandalous libel. In connexion with this charge may be noticed the petticoat story, that insane attempt of our loco-foco brethren to be witty and sarcastic. In the plenitude of their generosity they are pleased to present us with a petticoat for our candidate. We are reluctant to deprive them of so necessary a part of their own wardrobe. We do not wish them to be generous at the expense of their own convenience. They should recollect that a war is expected by many with Great Britain, and in that case, they may have use for the petticoat themselves. But if they insist upon it, we will take it. Let them invest the old soldier with the petticoat; let them call him the "old Woman," let them take the sword from him, and place a broom in his hand, and if they will wait patiently till the election, we venture to say that the way that "old Woman" will handle her broom, and sweep the country, and "clear the kitchen," will make the name of "old Woman" illustrious to the end of time.

Again, gentlemen, if General Harrison, is, as his enemies represent him, a coward and an ignoramus, is it not most strange that the Whigs should have selected him as their candidate for the Presidency? Our opponents will not deny that there is some sagacity, some judgment, some political tact in the ranks of the opposition; nor will they deny, I presume, that the Convention which nominated General Harrison was composed of a most venerable and talented body of men, many of whom had mingled in political strife from their early youth. Of course these men were desirous their cause should succeed, and they knew the obstacles they would have to overcome, and they knew how much depended on the person who was their candidate, and they had their choice among the bravest and wisest of the land, and yet, we are told, they chose for their representative, a coward and an ignoramus. Oh, but, say our opponents, "they chose him because he was the most available candidate." They did indeed; and let me ask these wise men, what *made him* the *most available candidate*? Will these *democrats* tell us that the *people*, whose sagacity they are so fond of praising on all other occasions, are thus desperately in love with a coward and ignoramus?

I believe the only remaining crime of which General Harrison is accused, is *old age*. It is not proved that age has impaired the strength and acuteness of his intellect, or diminished the vigor of his body. From all that I can learn on the subject, the lapse of time seems only to have increased the firmness of his mind, and the greatness of his heart. We are told by an inspired penman that "a hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the ways of righteousness." The life of General Harrison has been characterized by an integrity unsurpassed by the most distinguished instances of human virtue recorded on the tablets of history. It may be his fault in the eyes of some politicians that he is both old and honest. But we cannot so consider it. The country does not so consider it. And, with us, such an old age as General Harrison's, is a recommendation and not a disadvantage. He stands before us like some ancient oak, with its many roots riveted to the soil, and its broad limbs spread in bold outline against the sky. Long will the sunlight of honor and renown linger amid its venerable branches. And when at last, that brave old tree, lashed by the storm, and riven by the lightning, shall totter to its fall, around its trunk will the ivy of popular affection that has so long clasped it, still cling, and mantle with greenness and verdure its ruins and decay.

Fellow citizens, will we not go home, and do all in our power to rescue our government from the unfortunate hands into which it has fallen? There are men here of gray hairs, men who perhaps assisted to win for us the freedom which we now enjoy; old men, who saw the birth of our Republic, and yet,

who are not so old, but that if the Administration party again prevail, they may follow the Republic to its grave. And if they do, I know that they themselves would not wish to survive. I call upon them again to step into the field, again to save the ark of liberty from the unhallowed hand of its enemies. I call upon them to use their influence. And even should they not, by reason of their infirmities, be able to *say* much in our behalf, let them only show themselves on our side, let the people only see that they are with us, that such men are Whigs, that such men are the friends of General Harrison, and it will be enough. Their very appearance will argue a righteous cause, their grey hairs will plead with more than human eloquence, their wounds will speak trumpet tongued, and with an angel's voice, in behalf of the justice and the patriotism of our principles.

I call upon the young men who with myself are just embarking on the sea of life. We have not the consolation which our fathers have, should our liberties be now overthrown. They may find a refuge from their sorrow and mortification in the grave. But we may live, live only to remember that we once were freemen. We may live to see the Sun of rational liberty set forever, and the dismal night of anarchy or despotism succeed. We may live to behold such scenes as France witnessed in her revolution, when a nation of unchained demons seemed turned loose upon the earth; we may see the doctrines of agrarianism and infidelity triumphant, the laws of morality and good order set at defiance, until some American Napoleon shall arise, and erect an unlimited monarchy upon the ruins of the Republic. Would we not better die than live to behold such a spectacle? If we would prevent such a result, if we would secure the inheritance of our freedom, let us now do it. We have a gallant, a noble leader. We have at our head a tried old soldier, a man, whose ancestors for centuries have been the sworn friends of human rights, a man whose veins are full of Republican blood, a man who has met the enemies of his country before, and has conquered them wherever they were to be found. With such a leader, and in such a cause, success is certain.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CONVENTION.

Resolved, That the permanency of our republican institutions depends upon preserving, unimpaired, to the several States, and to each branch of the General Government, the full and free exercise of their respective constitutional rights.

Resolved, That the practical tendency of our Government, as at present administered, is to concentrate all political power and influence in the National Government, and to throw the power, thus concentrated, into the hands of the President.

Resolved, That to prevent the attainment of absolute power by the National Executive; and to restore to the legislative and judicial branches of the General Government, and to the several States, the free and unbiased exercise of their constitutional rights—the following principles should be adopted and enforced:

First. That the power of the President, to appoint, and remove officers at his pleasure, which is the great source of his overwhelming influence, should be restricted within the narrowest limits allowed by the Constitution.

Second. That as all offices are created for the benefit of the people—the advancement of the public good should be the sole motive of official action.

Third. That no person should serve as President for more than one term, so that he can have no motive to administer the Government with reference to his own re-election.

Fourth. That any law which will place the public moneys of the nation in the hands of the President, or in hands of officers appointed by him, removable at his pleasure, and, therefore, subservient to his will, is obviously calculated to increase his power and influence—is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, and is dangerous to the liberties of the people.

Fifth. That the practice of appointing members of Congress to offices in the gift of

the President, is calculated to corrupt the members of that body, and give the Executive a dangerous influence over the legislative branch of the Government.

Sixth. That the immediate representatives of the people are most competent to decide questions relating to the general welfare of the Nation—and that the veto power of the Executive should seldom or never be exercised, except to preserve the Constitution from manifest violation.

Seventh. That no offices should be created, except such as are required by the public good; and that the creation of any office, agency, trust or place, for the purpose of rewarding partisan services, or gratifying political favorites, is a flagrant abuse that calls loudly for correction.

Eighth. That the practice of considering offices 'the spoils of political victory,' bestowing them as rewards for partisan services, or taking them away as a punishment for political independence—tends to make men mercenary in their motives, corrupt in the exercise of their privileges, and to vest in the President despotic power.

Ninth. That the use of official power or the facilities afforded by official station, to influence elections, is an improper interference with the rights and dangerous to the liberties of the people.

Resolved, That all salaries, or official compensation, of whatever kind, should be a fair equivalent for the services rendered, taking into view the skill and talents required, *and nothing more*; so that pecuniary emolument can never form a leading inducement to seek for, or accept office.

Resolved, That if it be the interest of office holders to appropriate any portion of their salaries to electioneering purposes, with a view to sustaining those from whom they hold their appointments, and themselves in office, (as proved to be the case with the Custom House officers in New York,) it is conclusive evidence that those salaries are too high, and should be reduced.

Resolved, That all officers should be held to a rigid accountability for the manner in which they discharge their official duties, and especially for all public moneys that may come into their hands.

Resolved, That a careful appropriation of the public money to specific objects—its scrupulous application to the specific objects only to which it is appropriated, with rigid economy in its expenditure, are necessary, in order to prevent its use for electioneering purposes, as well as to preserve the people from oppressive taxation.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the General and State Governments, to secure a safe and uniform currency, as well for the use of the people, as for the use of the Governments, so far as the same can be done without transcending the constitutional limits of their authority; and that all laws calculated to provide for the office holders a more safe or valuable currency than is provided for the people, tend to invert the natural order of things—making the *servant* superior to the *master*, and are both oppressive and unjust.

Resolved, That we oppose the re-election of Martin Van Buren to the Presidency—Because, in all his official acts, as President, he has shown a disposition to increase the already overgrown power and influence of the Executive, at the expense of the co-ordinate branches of the Government.

Because he has repeatedly shown his disregard of the will of the people, as expressed by their immediate representatives in Congress.

Because he has constantly sought, and is still seeking, to unite the purse to the sword of the nation, and to place both in the hands of the Executive.

Because he practices upon the abominable doctrine that 'offices are the spoils of political victory;' bestowing them as rewards of party subserviency, regardless of the unfitness of the persons selected; and removing the most faithful and competent public officers for the sole crime of thinking and acting as freemen.

Because he permits and encourages officers holding appointments under him, improperly to interfere in political contests, thus 'bringing the patronage of the General Government into conflict with the freedom of elections.'

Because he permits the holders of public moneys to remain in office after they are known to be public defaulters; and finally to escape with millions of the people's money.

Because he has been at the head of the Administration party for three years, and instead of reforming manifest abuses he has permitted them to increase to an alarming extent.

Because he has shown an utter disregard both of the wishes and the sufferings of the people, replying with the most heartless indifference to their prayers for relief, 'that the people expect too much from the government.'

Because he has done nothing to entitle him either to the gratitude or to the confidence of the American People.

Because no man should be elected President of the United States for two terms in succession—and *Martin Van Buren least of all.*

Resolved, That we will use all fair and honorable means to insure the election of William Henry Harrison to the Presidency—

Because both his civil and military qualifications and services entitle him to the confidence, and to the *gratitude* of his countrymen.

Because he stands pledged before the American people to carry out the great principles which we have laid down as necessary to preserve the purity and the permanency of our republican institutions.

Because we know him to be an honest man who will redeem his pledge.

Because he is, emphatically, the people's candidate—brought forward by the people in opposition to the candidate of the office holders.

Because the people are determined to elect him.

Because the people can elect him—and

BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WILL ELECT HIM.

Resolved, That we support the election of John Tyler as Vice President:

Because we believe him to be capable, honest, and faithful to the Constitution—and,

Because we believe him to be a firm and able supporter of the rights of the States, of the rights and powers of the legislative and judicial branches of the General Government, and of the reform of the abuses of the Administration, and in all respects a suitable candidate for the station for which he is nominated.

Resolved, That the mismanagement of our public affairs is not confined to the administration of the National Government; but, that abuses exist in our State Government which call loudly for correction; among which the following are conspicuous:

The practice of requiring candidates for judicial appointments to pledge themselves, as a condition on which they are to receive such appointment, to decide the most important and difficult questions which can come before a court of justice, in accordance with the political views of those who hold such appointment in their hands; a practice so abhorrent to all correct notions of judicial integrity, and so utterly at war with the safety of our dearest rights, that no Legislature previous to the present, has had the hardihood to think of its adoption.

The practice of members of the Legislature discussing and determining, in secret conclave, on the most important acts of Legislation, so that neither the motives nor the advocates of such acts can be known by the people.

The creation of offices not required by the public good, for the purpose of making places to be filled by hungry office-seekers, and especially by members of the Legislature, thereby greatly increasing the heavy burden already imposed on the people.

The unnecessary consumption of the time of the Legislature, and the enormous increase of expense, occasioned by legislating upon matters of a purely local or personal character.

The decision of important legislative questions from motives of partiality or prejudice, regardless of the propriety or justice of such decision.

Improper combinations among members of the Legislature to carry measures not required by the public good; the execution of which exhausts the public treasury, increases the taxes levied on the people, and ruins the credit of the State.

The adoption of improper, and the rejection of proper measures, with the sole view of benefiting a political party, regardless of the injury inflicted on the public.

Resolved, That our Penitentiary system, as carried out in practice, operates injuriously on the interests of a numerous and respectable class of our citizens, and should be so modified as not to come in competition with the free labor of the honest mechanic, so far as the same can be done without making that institution a burthen upon the State Treasury.

Whereas the General Assembly have passed a resolution to invite General Andrew Jackson to visit this city, as the guest of the State, on the next anniversary of our National Independence, and whereas this Convention, many of whom were supporters of General Jackson, for the Presidency, yield to none in their admiration of the achievements of the distinguished Hero of New Orleans, and to none in their zeal to honor one who has conferred lasting honor on the flag of his country—therefore

Resolved, That it be recommended to our fellow-citizens in every part of the State which he may visit, to receive him with the utmost cordiality and respect, and treat him and those by whom he may be accompanied, with that liberal hospitality and kindness which they have ever been ready to show to distinguished guests.

Resolved, That in order to prevent the Treasury of the State from being taxed in its present impoverished condition, it be recommended to our fellow-citizens, without distinction of party, to contribute such pecuniary aid as may be necessary to carry into effect the foregoing resolution.

Resolved, That a committee of five, of whom the President of this Convention shall be one, be appointed by the Chair to communicate to General Jackson, a copy of the preamble and the first succeeding resolution.

Resolved, That it recommended to the Young Men of the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Western New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, to celebrate the anniversary of the Siege of Fort Meigs, in June 1813, on the ground occupied by that Fort.

Whereas, it is the desire of a large number of the delegates of this Convention, who have heretofore supported Gen. *Andrew Jackson* and *Martin Van Buren*, for the Presidency of the United States, that an organization be made throughout the State, of all who deem it as incumbent on them, in order to carry out their Democratic principles, to vote for Gen. *WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON* for President, and *JOHN TYLER* for Vice President; and believing that much good will result to the opposition in this State, by a concert of action among the former supporters of Jackson, who are now zealously engaged in promoting the election of our fellow citizen and neighbor; therefore,

Resolved, That it be recommended to the former supporters of Jackson and Van Buren, to organize themselves into *HARRISON REFORM CLUBS*, in each and every county of the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That such Delegates as are now in Columbus, included in this resolution, be requested to organize Clubs immediately on their return to the respective counties they represent.

Resolved, That we regard it as the duty of the Harrisonian Democrats of Ohio, one and all, to contribute their efforts, through the medium of the pen, the press, and the stump, to the diffusion of the truth and correct principles during the ensuing campaign.

Resolved, That the following gentlemen be appointed a State Central Committee, for the ensuing campaign, to wit: Alfred Kelley, Joseph Ridgway, sen., John W. Andrews, Robert Neil, John L. Miner, Francis Stewart, Lewis Heyl, Dr. N. M. Miller, and Lyne Starling, Jr.

☞ We have more than once remarked that a spirit, unlike any which has prevailed since the Revolutionary era, pervades the entire country. The accurate observer will see the proof of this in the various modes in which the popular feeling seeks to give itself expression. It is only when public sentiment is intensely excited, that the emotion of the people finds utterance in poetry and song. This is a pregnant sign—and of happiest augury—at this time. It proves that the country is awake—that the crisis is understood and felt—and that *HARRISON*—the patriot, the soldier, and Statesman—the brave and good *HARRISON*—is known and appreciated by his countrymen.

Every paper that the press throws off has its song—the hall and the cottage—the city and the country—the mountain and the valley are resonant of *Harrison* and patriotism. Old and young—grave and gay—all orders and classes are *singing* the fears and the hopes of the country, and the praises of the veteran who is looked to for deliverance. It was a striking feature of the occasion of the late great Convention, which could not have escaped notice. The difference in this respect between the two parties is worthy of observation. The *patent* democrats sing no songs, it seems they have

———No music in their ears,
And are not moved by concord of sweet sounds.
The motions of their hearts are sad and gloomy,
And their affections dull as night.

In the name of *VAN BUREN* there is nothing to call forth the spirit of poesy—in his character and life there is nothing to inspire the child of song. But the

very name of HARRISON, falling on the ear of a Republican, calls up a thousand precious associations which start into motion all the generous affections and noble passions of the soul.

The following comes to us from the shore of Lake Erie. We thank our friend for his contribution. Our readers will thank him too.

THE OHIO WHIG CONVENTION, 1840.

TUNE—*The Son of Alknomook.*

'Twas on Washington's birth day, the Whigs of the State,
In Columbus assembled—their numbers were great;
From the North, from the South, from the East and the West,
By ten thousands they came at their country's behest.

They were freemen assembled their rights to maintain,
And to rescue their land from corruption's foul stain;
To consult on the means their loved country to save,
And to drive from high places base traitors and knaves.

There was old Cuyahoga, the pride of the north,
By her Sons which the county in scores had sent forth,
With their Brig newly rigged, and a fine hearty crew,
All resolved to do battle for Tippecanoe.

There was Portage, Medina, Geauga, Lorain,
Ashtabula, and Trumbull, and Western Champaign,
And Muskingum, and Guernsey, and Greene, and Monroe,
And Franklin, and Licking, and old Scioto.

There was Richland, and Warren, and Union, and Stark,
There was Mercer, and Franklin, Montgomery, and Clark,
There was Erie, and Henry, and Paulding, and Wood,
All poured forth their thousands of Whigs staunch and good.

There was Morgan, and Clermont, and Highland and Brown,
Swelled the ranks of the Whigs to put Tyranny down;
While Belmont, and Hamilton, Preble, and Ross,
With their thousands on thousands made *Locos* look cross.

There were Farmers, Mechanics, and Hunters, and Tars,
Proudly over their heads waved the stripes and the stars;
While the soul stirring music poured forth by the bands,
Cheered their hearts, while the Tories in grief wrung their hands.

Yes, those *plunder stained* hands, then in sorrow were wrung,
While the Whigs the loud chorus of Liberty sung:
'Twas the death knell of knavery, hearty and loud;
'Twas the song of which Freemen shall ever be proud.

There was Washington's life guard, a relic of times,
"That tried brave men's souls" in our own happy climes,
And he led a white charger along through the street,
On his back was the saddle—great Washington's seat.

And next came the portrait of Tippecanoe,
The Hero who fought for his country while new,
These mementos of worth met with shouts of applause,
From the thousands devoted to Liberty's cause.

Assembled at length, and in Liberty's name,
For President—"Harrison" then they proclaim;
For Governor—"Corwin," a friend of the free,
Huzzah, shout huzzah, shout huzzah, three times three.

The days of the spoilsmen are numbered and told;
In March '41 shall the HERO be rolled
In triumph to Washington, there to restore
His country, now fallen, to glory once more.

The author of the following ODE, accompanies his communication to the Editor, with this among other remarks:—"The desperate efforts made by our opponents to rhyme us into the ridiculous, is my apology for adventuring out of my natural element." The motive of our correspondent was praiseworthy, but that incentive was by no means necessary to move the poetic spirit. The scene, with all its incidents and interests, was suited to awaken the loftiest affections of the soul—the sublimest conceptions of the mind—and that is poetry. Had it been seen and felt—and to be felt, it but needed to be seen—by such a man as Scott, or Southey, or Wordsworth, the GREAT CONVENTION would have been commemorated in epic verse; and the genius of song would have combined with that of history to send down the event to posterity.

We commend the ODE of our poetic friend to the pleasure of our readers. MORTON sings in the spirit of patriotism and shows that his heart is in his theme.

THE TWENTY-SECOND AT COLUMBUS.

This day we hop'd to see a patriot band
Here at our Capitol, to organize;
To check the spoiler's desolating hand,
And banish tyrants, who our wants despise.

It is a stormy day, the wind and rain
Detain the timid and the weak at home;
A thousand anxious hearts now heave with pain,
Lest some may falter, or that few may come.

Ohio's sons—whose hearts are high and warm—
Shall they be check'd, at this eventful hour?
Shall they recoil at rain, or flood, or storm,
And leave their foes exulting in their power?

But hark! a distant and a rising sound
Is heard above the storm and rattling rain;
'Tis like a torrent, rushing from its bound,
Or like a thousand horse upon the plain.

And more distinct, I hear a trumpet sound,
The pealing fife, the spirit stirring drum

On every side, above, below, around
The shouts of thousands!—Oh, they come! they come!

Look to the North, the South, on every side
A thousand banners floating in the air!
Far as the eye can reach—a rushing tide!
Thousands and thousands!—Freemen every where!

In glittering arms the dashing soldiers lead,
In full rigged sloops, in cabins, see they come!
Forts, wagons, boats, each strange conceit, indeed,
Has some device from art or genius won.

But why does age, in this great throng appear?
Old men whose cheeks are mark'd with lines of care,—
Say, tell me, fathers, what has brought you here?
The rain is dripping from your hoary hair!—

“ My son, we once were young, and fought
Our country to defend;
The freedom we so dearly bought
Seems tottering to its end.

My course on earth is nearly run;
Age, speaks with mystic lore!
And “ Washington’s last guard ” has come
To warn his sons once more.

Thou see’st I bring a gallant steed,
With cloth and housing rare;
My watchfulness thou may’st not heed,
Thou see’st no rider there.

The rider long since left the field,
The field his valor won;
This battle o’er, I’ll gladly yield
His trust to Harrison.

Then to the contest one and all,
Against your country’s foes;
Conquering or conquer’d, I shall fall—
My waning life will close!”

The old man ceased, a tear was in his eye,
He pointed upwards—On a standard, lo!
Is perch’d a living eagle—borne on high,
Freedom’s proud bird! the tyrant’s deadly foe!

The host moves on,—the good, the *brave*, the *free*—
Its force is boundless as the human soul:
’Tis infinite,—resistless as the sea;
Its mighty impulse nothing can control.

MORTON.

th
t
;



WERE BOOK BOUNDING
JAN 1989
Grantville, PA

